

COLLIER'S

For August 1, 1903

Containing an Article on the Cup Defender by John R. Spears, a Story by Joel Chandler Harris, and a Double-Page Picture by C. D. Gibson



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

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Volume XXXI : Number 18 : Price 10 Cents

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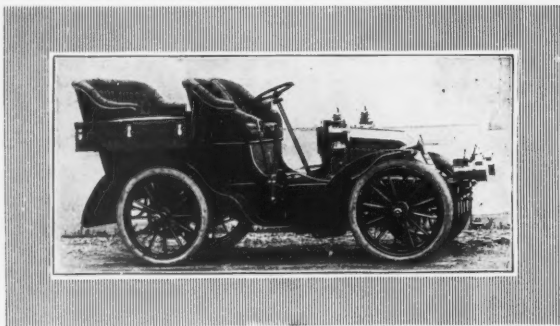
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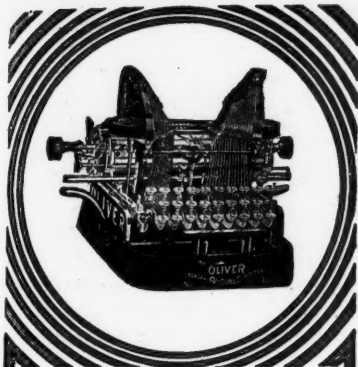
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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Vol. XXXI No. 18

10 Cents per Copy

\$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, August 1, 1903

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Fiction for Summer Reading

WITH the next issue of COLLIER'S Mr. Frederick Palmer's serial story, "The Vagabond," will be brought to a close. We shall not begin a new serial story immediately, but, instead, publish every week a short story of exceptional quality and merit. No better summer reading could be offered than that which will appear in COLLIER'S from now until the first of October, when a new serial will be begun and a new collection of short stories announced that will surpass any aggregation hitherto offered by any periodical. Some of the complete short stories to be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the coming weeks are the following:

THE BONDS OF DISCIPLINE

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by A. I. Keller

THE OTHER TWO

By EDITH WHARTON

Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark

THE RAJAH OF BUNGPORE

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn

A TABU TALE

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by Arthur Hening

THE LOTUS EATERS

By VIRGINIA TRACY

Illustrated by Orson Lowell

"CULTURE"

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Illustrated by F. W. Jacobs

A GARRISON GHOST

By GEN. CHARLES KING

Illustrated by George Gibbs

LITTLE MR. CRICKET

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck

The Lion's Mouth Contest for August

THE August competition of *The Lion's Mouth* will be confined to the appearance and dress of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the questions being two in number:

- 1 Which of the five numbers for August do you like best from the standpoint of printing and typographical arrangement, and why?
- 2 What suggestions have you to make for the improvement of *Collier's* on these lines?

The contest will close on September 5th, and the announcement of prize-winners will be made in the October Household Number, dated September 26th.

Extra Prints of the "Consistory" Picture

The extraordinary demand for extra prints of the beautiful double-page picture in colors of "The Pope Holding a Consistory," which appeared in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of July 18th, has led us to print an extra edition. Copies of the picture, unmounted and unfolded, will be mailed to any address, in a cardboard tube, for eight 2-cent stamps; additional copies to the same address, 10 cents each. Proof copies, from original plates, embossed and mounted on heavy gray cardboard for framing, by express prepaid, for Two Dollars each. Address,

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THE POST-OFFICE SCANDALS have caused many flings at theories of public ownership. If one department reveals such inefficiency and corruption, it is argued, what would follow from government control of other business now in private hands? The Democrats of Iowa have recently declared for government ownership of the natural means of producing certain necessities, which sounds like an echo of the New York Democrats' plank for national ownership of the coal fields, a plank inserted at the time of the anthracite strike and followed by overwhelming defeat. Such principles are hardly likely at present to be much emphasized in a presidential campaign, but, on the other hand, the movement toward municipal ownership has made recent gains. It is to be remembered, by any impartial observer, that two

OPERATION AND CONTROL

principles are frequently confused. Corruption might spring from operation where it would not spring from ownership. The nation need not necessarily conduct every property which it controls. It might own coal fields, railways, or telegraph lines, and lease them, under conditions which would make the present combinations and extortions impossible, and yet it might have nothing to do with the actual operation. Great leases of this kind would be too public to allow much fraud, and for the little constant corruptions which creep into everything publicly operated, there would be no chance. We are not arguing in favor of public ownership. Indeed, we believe that the safest procedure is to abandon individual initiative only when abuses become intolerable. As public control, however, is to be one of the questions facing us for many years to come, it is well to see the fallaciousness of those arguments which attack government ownership by showing flaws in government operations.

WHISTLER'S DEATH REMOVES one of the two greatest painters of whom America boasts. Like Sargent and Abbey, he was really cosmopolitan. Winslow Homer, Brush, and Twachtman are instances of artists in whom the adjective American has more than accidental meaning. Indeed, even from Whistler and Sargent we can derive the patriotic satisfaction of proving that Yankee blood is adapted to pictorial art, but in style and training they belong to the world. Whistler took what he wanted wherever he found it, in Japan, Paris, or Spain, and the result was pure Whistler. His individuality in art is as intense as his talent. Therefore hordes of young men imitate him. His high place in etching was won first, but he is safe among immortal painters also. The peculiar personal quality which at first

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

confused people now fascinates them. The world has grown smaller. Whistler is no longer queer to our eyes, partly because Japan has become familiar. It is a question whether nationality in art will survive modern facility in communication, and whether art will flourish under uniformity. Whistler was little affected by the actual civilization about him. He lived with art and nature, and when he confronted men it was to quarrel. His writings and his witticisms have been much noticed in his lifetime. They are clever and ephemeral. To the future he will be the artist, the foremost etcher and one of the most notable painters who flourished in the last half of the nineteenth century: a worthy period in painting, that saw Puvis de Chavannes, Degas, Lembach, Watts, Sargent, and Whistler active together.

MURDER, PURE AND SIMPLE, according to Justice Brewer, is on the head of any man who contributes to a lynching. So dangerous and degrading is this indulgence that the Justice believes a sudden and strong reaction will follow the debauch, and that it will follow soon. Roughts will regret the loss of their sport, but if public opinion is aroused to dignity and justice, the devotees of crime will be conquered. Assertions are made that men known to be innocent are sometimes lynched to appease the crowd, and such assertions may well be true. Another citizen, facing this unfairness and cruelty in our people, has spoken words as hopeful as

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

those of Justice Brewer. Mr. Booker Washington believes that the time has come when the highest types of Southern whites will aid the elevation of the blacks.

The two races must live together, however bitterly either may regret the need, and "whoever, North or South, black or white, stirs up strife needlessly, by word or deed, is an enemy to both races and to his country." Much like Justice Brewer's hope for reaction is Mr. Washington's prophecy that the trials through which the negro is now passing will draw toward him white sympathy and co-operation, if the black man can wait with patient self-control. Less hopeful words come from Judge Jones, who has been striving for justice in the peonage cases of Alabama. When a jury by disagreement saved a defendant whose guilt was obvious, the judge declared the news would go out that a white man

could not be convicted for oppressing a negro. We have drawn some hope from the peonage cases, in which defendants pleaded guilty, but this acquittal against the evidence is another reminder—like each lynching and each rape—of what courage is needed to see an honorable end to our race barbarism. The stand taken by the War Department, protecting Filipino women against white soldiers, shines like "a good deed in a naughty world."

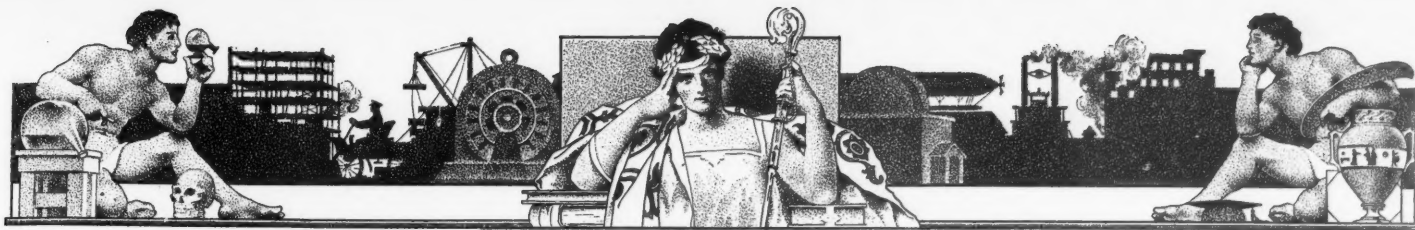
EVEN IN HAMLET'S TIME, the law's delay was reckoned among our woes. To-day England is comparatively free from that reproach, which America groans under. When we allow excited thugs not only to perform the offices of judge and jury, but to inflict punishments which the highest courts or officials would be powerless to inflict, our cheeks must flush, if we have the shame and pride of men and citizens. We rejoice when one governor, one sheriff, or one man, anywhere, proves superior to the rabble, and thwarts their thirst for blood. Our hearts sink humiliated at each instance in which self-government means failure. The strongest need is for improved moral feeling, but there is one legal improvement which many people believe would help ethical progress by removing a constant outrage to even just men's instincts. Nobody doubts that England treats criminals with as complete fairness as we do. If she can send convicted felons promptly to the gallows, why are American lawyers allowed to use technical juggleries which delay execution for years, and sometimes cause miscarriage in the end? Why do not bar associations prepare changes in procedure and recommend them to the Legislatures? To this suggestion we can think of but one answer. The British system requires learned judges, from the House of Lords down to the lowest court. The power of an English judge could not safely be granted to the grade of man who occupies the benches under our systems of election and boss-dictation. Too many errors would be made, and would remain uncorrected. If this be so, one more road leads us back to that source of rottenness, the political machine. The boss, or group of bosses, selects the judges; hence what ought to be the best legal procedure is unsafe; hence come delays which on some occasions tempt even decent men to violence. In Franklin's Almanac, the rider is lost for the want of a horseshoe nail. The political indolence of our voters, by which the spoils and boss systems flourish, can be seen as a cause leading downward, step by step, even so far as frenzied orgies at the stake.

THE LAW'S DELAY

RULER, THINKER, AND POET, Leo XIII has combined in his ninety-four years much to fascinate mankind. Classed as a "moderate," he has been called liberal by one kind of men, reactionary by another; for his task, as that of any Pope to-day must be, has been to let the Church move, but move slowly. In an ode, greeting the twentieth century at its dawn, and invoking Christ's blessing on it, he spoke of the century that was past as renowned in letters, famed in art, rich in spoils wrung for man's good from nature's heart. Contrasting, with these gains, which he "who will may sing," the Pope preferred to sing of wars, sceptres rent from kings, temporal power wrested from the Church, of science and infidelity together, of Darwinism in an unholy light. "Brute nature, with the world for slaves, is God," and man is brother to the brutes, who once was image of the Deity. Beliefs expressed by a Pope can not, even in poetry, be individual. Leo the poet speaks in obedience to the vast interests that guide his papal utterances. The Church exists for spiritual guidance. It speaks those truths only which it deems wholesome. None of its rulers may speak unfettered. Science and organized religion may not conflict in aim, but they do in method. Science speaks whatever truth it observes, without a fear of consequences. If it discovered to-morrow a way by which ignorant individuals could concoct poison from grass, the method would be announced. The Church's eye is always on the consequences. When Leo speaks, it is as the voice of a great community, with principles which change most cautiously, and with a function which remains the same for ages. He, or any man in his position, is part of an organization so vast and permanent that the individual's thought and influence sink almost to nothing.

LEO ON HIS TIMES

THE WORLD LOVES PURPOSE. Next to the Pope himself, no personality, during the time when all eyes have turned toward the Vatican, has focused so much interest as Cardinal Rampolla. The papal Secretary of State as a character is unmistakable. His office brings into prominence political questions, and the Cardinal's foreign relations have depended frankly on his hopes of restoring temporal power. He is a fighter in the open for the principles which he upholds. A forcible speaker, he goes through Italy leading the fight against the State on the subject of divorce.



His leadership is so straightforward that it gains him at least interest, even among the adherents of Italian unity and of the Government's control of Rome. On the side of foreign policy, Cardinal Rampolla has been criticised for his adherence to France, especially since the troubles between the French Government and the Church, over the schools, have created difficulties for the papacy. He turned to France because she alone gave any hope of aid in his leading purpose. Germany and Austria were allied to the King of Italy, and hence guaranteed his possession of Rome. England was Protestant, and Russia's established Church was a

CARDINAL
RAMPOLLA

rival. France, therefore, was the only powerful nation toward which the Cardinal could turn, and if his policy failed, the fault was hardly his. He is at least a strong, single-minded, and interesting figure. When Italians speak of "the Cardinal," they mean Cardinal Rampolla. In Italy, where the contest between Church and State is now at white heat, especially as it affects the two topics of schools and divorce, Cardinal Rampolla is attacked as the favorite butt of the opposition press. The violence with which he is described is in its way a tribute. Friends and enemies take an interest in Rampolla because they see him clearly, understand what he means, and admire his energy.

CAPTAIN MAHAN OCCUPIES the highest place among naval writers. He is not only the foremost living authority on naval matters; he has superseded other authors and become the weightiest authority, living or dead, on warfare at sea. In England, where the navy is part of the national safety to a degree equalled in no other country, and where, therefore, naval subjects are studied with intensity, any magazine article by Captain Mahan is discussed far and wide, and his books are the basis on which English critics rest. Technical knowledge and large, penetrating insight into the special subject are combined with political wisdom, and his writings are almost as notable for understanding of history as for original and illuminating views of war. His opinions about our need of Hawaii, of an Isthmian canal, or of Porto Rico, are the best that the world affords, and so are his opinions about our need of ships. Captain Mahan's view is that we ought to be reasonably free from attack. He considers not only the enormous difficulty of carrying coal across the ocean, which would give us the advantage over a much stronger navy, but also the complications of European politics, which would make it impossible for any nation safely to send her whole fleet across the Atlantic. He advises only so large a navy as would make us reasonably

CAPTAIN
MAHAN AND MR.
ROOSEVELT

secure when this vast natural advantage of position is reckoned as one of our safeguards. England is not only cheek by jowl with other great navies: a channel of twenty-one miles divides her from an army of about six hundred thousand men. Yet the President of the United States declares that "we need a navy equal, ship for ship, to the navy of any other nation." Because England, in mortal peril, straining every nerve, must build as many ships as any two warlike powers combined, we must build as many ships as England. It is estimated that it would cost us nearly a thousand million dollars to arrive where Britain is now, to say nothing of extending with her extensions. Even with national calamity a constant menace, the strain of naval expenses often causes grumbling in England. We believe in a navy strong enough to protect our vital interests against any probable danger; but when the situation is discussed by the President as if our dangers and needs were similar to those of England, we are compelled to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is reaching conclusions with his combative temperament and not with his brain; and we may perhaps be allowed to recommend to all, as an antidote to the President's exciting pleas, a careful reading of the writings of that American whose judgment and deep knowledge of the subject have so favorably impressed the world.

MINISTERS OF FAME are now required in almost every walk. College presidents are estimated by their ability to let the world know they are alive, although some universities have also special publicity officials. One day our seats of learning will buy up rocks and fences and decorate them more artistically than they are now decorated by tooth wash and liver pills. Many a literary man, clergyman, or painter is his own most able press agent. The first place in personal advertising, however, is still guarded by the stage. When we read that a soubrette has entered a lion's cage, we run over in our mind the astutest representatives in the histrionic field, and guess whose fertile brain concocted the solemn news. Apparently one actress did kiss Sir Thomas Lipton; such a deed might help her more than years of work. What gave one popular comedienne a boom was a milk-bath, invented by an agent

who afterward proved worthy to be her husband. The instinct for striking facts and opinions is so strong in most stage people, that, like journalists, they not only tell yellow stories constantly, but believe them. Some prominent managers also have almost a genius for publicity. One of them bought a city lot in the name of a female star, in order that a lawsuit might grow out of her refusal to pay. When he was making his way, the humble representative of a summer garden, he chose a day when the mercury was 100, and inserted a death notice in a daily paper, stating that Jacob Robinson had died of pneumonia, following a cold contracted on the roof which he represented. He had the elevators heated, so that passengers would be struck by the coolness when they reached the garden. The press agent is a lively soul who works faithfully to make fiction more attractive than truth. He is the kind of breezy liar whom, whether in the papers or personally on the street, we are always cheered to meet. There is no malice in him, and he has a hard time during these quiet summer months.

THE MERRY
PRESS AGENT

THE STYLE IS THE MAN," like most epigrams, is half a truth.

Of the remarkable writer who has recently died in England, the best qualities were seen in his verse and in a little of his criticism. The literary world has thought highly of Mr. Henley since the appearance of his hospital poems. The general world in America hardly knew his name until enraged vanity caused his venomous attack on Robert Louis Stevenson, under the pretence of saving his friend from misdirected praise. Mr. Henley was a man of strong talent, with a bad character. He was violent, vain, and gifted. He often exhibited, less publicly, the traits which made his attack on Stevenson contemptible. Mr. Henley was strong always, in verse, in criticism, in the drama. Although the plays which he and Stevenson wrote together lacked precise adaptability to the stage, they were dramatic, and a little experience of the boards would have made them successful. The combination of talent and ruffianism which characterized W. E. Henley was noticeable in his brother, the actor, much of whose work was done in this country. In him also personal power was mixed with crass violence. We heard once, from an American actress, a story which shows the Henley nature. This actress, during a play, was seated on a sofa, waiting for Henley to tell her a story which was necessary to a proper understanding, by the audience, of what should follow. Henley entered, a moment late, delivered a meaningless string of sentences, and made his exit, followed by the actress. When they reached the wings, she turned upon him in fury. "How dare you," she cried, "come here drunk, forget your lines, and disgrace yourself, the audience, and me?" Henley gave a careless laugh: "Oh, listen to them," he answered. And, indeed, the house was uproarious with applause. The magnetism of his look and manner had caught the people, although they had understood nothing. The actor Henley played for himself all the time, never for the whole drama, and his habits were deplorable. The poet was much like his brother, a nature rude and unsubdued, but set apart from ordinary men by proficiency and strength.

THE POET
HENLEY

IF MR. BOURKE COCKRAN becomes a member of the British Parliament, our grief will be under control. We have had him for some years, and he will be a novelty for England. He is a remarkable speaker, in pure eloquence perhaps the superior of anybody now filling the House of Commons with silvery utterance. He can speak about Ireland with a beauty which will delight his British hearers, as it has delighted us. He is too astute to indulge in more oratory than the taste of the House of Commons will endure, but we can imagine the outside occasional addresses made by "the Honorable W. Bourke Cockran, M.P.," how rhythmic they will be, how rich in imagery, how primed with carefully prepared emotion. When Mr. Cockran took a temporary vacation from Tammany Hall, he spoke for the gold standard with a vividness which made the economics of that subject as clear and as exciting as a story-book. He has made ten thousand people listen for two hours to a discussion about the currency. His mind can go through half a dozen volumes of orthodox political economy, select the simplest aspects of the truth which he is supporting, and clothe them in such rich garments that they hardly seem the same principles which lay buried in their original dullness. He can do this as well for one principle as for its contrary, and that is why, if he leaves us, we shall feel that we have lost only a luxury. If an original force were taken away, a positive unit on the side of righteousness, like Mr. Hay, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Folk, Mr. Jerome, Booker T. Washington, Judge Jones of Alabama, John Mitchell, Mr. Cleveland, or the President, we should feel the loss more than we feel the possible loss of the highly decorative Mr. Cockran.

BOURKE
COCKRAN



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

Death of Pope Leo XIII.—After gallantly but vainly struggling against the encroachments of a fatal malady for more than two weeks in his chamber in the Vatican at Rome, Pope Leo XIII departed this life at four minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of July 20. The final scene in the death chamber of the Pontiff was profoundly impressive. The deathbed was surrounded by members of the Sacred College and the whole Papal court. The last conscious act of Leo XIII, after bestowing the benediction upon the assembled churchmen and his relatives, was to turn his fading eyes toward the great crucifix on the wall. Then the sonorous voice of the Grand Penitentiary intoned the "Requiem æternam." Couriers were sent for the watchers of the dead, and soon was heard the chanting of the Franciscan monks—from time immemorial the penitentiaries of St. Peter's—as two by two the brown-robed priests in their sandalled feet proceeded to the room where they were to take up their vigil. Noble Guards with swords drawn and reversed, pointing to the floor, took up position at the foot of the couch, rigid and silent as the august form which lay upon it. Just before his death, the Pope confided the Church to Cardinal Oreglia. The funeral ceremonies of the Pope continue nine days. The body lies in State at St. Peter's. The ultimate burial-place is the basilica of St. John Lateran.

Uncle Sam's Airship Approaching Completion.—While the cup yachts are preparing to struggle for the supremacy of the sea, the Government, through the Herr Professors of the Smithsonian Institution, has gone into the aerial navigation business. A \$70,000 flying machine, devised by Professor S. P. Langley, is the latest thing in official airships. The experiments have been conducted with great secrecy, under an armed guard on a houseboat off Widewater, Virginia, and under the observation of a party of scientists. On July



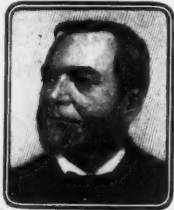
Prof. S. P. Langley

15, the Virginia "Buzzard," as the natives call the airship, was brought from Washington. The apparatus is about sixty feet long and constructed after the principle of a plane-kite, carrying power and passengers. The flight is started from cylindrical catapults worked by springs, for which the flying-machine furnishes the missile, and takes place from a sliding car.

The Fate of the Russian Petition.—Another international episode, a *cause célèbre* in its way—which has caused more comment than its reason for being—has been closed. The American petition to the Czar has been shelved among the archives of the State Department. The Russian was scratched and a Tartar uncovered. On July 15, after consultation with prominent Hebrews, at Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt caused a cable message to be sent to Mr. Riddle, American chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg, directing that official to inform the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs that the President had received from a large number of citizens of the United States a petition to his Russian Majesty, praying for religious freedom and tolerance of Jews in the Empire, and the Imperial protection against lawlessness. The message contained the full text of the petition. The President's promise, on June 24, to the Executive Council of the B'nai B'rith, that he would forward the petition through the State Department, drew out a deluge of semi-official recriminations from the press of both countries. Mr. Riddle was informed that in view of the publications which had appeared in the newspapers, the Russian Government would not receive the peti-

tion, and that this resolution was taken independently of the substance or terms of the petition. Though the answer of Russia closes the incident, it is nevertheless believed that the movement accomplished its object. The Russian Government has already evinced its intention to punish the Kishineff rioters.

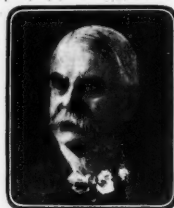
Chicago's Subway and a Labor Chieftain.—A vast enterprise as remarkable in nature as New York's underground passenger railway is about to be put on foot in Chicago. On July 16, the City Council passed the Illinois Telephone and Telegraph Company tunnel ordinance. With the construction of this great subway, teaming interests of the Lake City are doomed. Into tunnels, through which will be operated fast-running electric vans, freight will be dropped by means of gigantic elevators in mercantile houses and factories.



P. M. Arthur

A delivery and parcel express system is to be established also. The municipal burrow will cost \$15,000,000. It includes a twelve-mile tunnel, running to the so-called Stickney tract in the southwest part of the city, where a clearing-house and railroad terminal station will be located. . . . At a time when the country is harried by strikes of every degree, the career of a remarkable labor leader is recalled by the death of P. M. Arthur, Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 17, while speaking at a banquet. Chief Arthur was a native of Scotland, but came to America at an early age. From blacksmith's helper he rose rapidly through the ranks of his profession. In 1873, he was elected Chief of the Brotherhood. His conservative policy and shrewd common-sense developed a little railroad benevolent association into America's foremost labor organization, with a membership numbering over thirty thousand. "Co-operation and mutual concessions" was Chief Arthur's watchword. He avoided entangling his order in labor disputes, but was a close bargainer for the interests of the Brotherhood. He first came prominently before the public during the memorable Pittsburgh strike of 1877.

The Army and Navy Board and Pension Troubles.—Secretaries Root and Moody, on July 17, issued an order creating the long-looked-for joint army and navy board for the better co-operation of the two services. The board will be composed of four officers each of the army and navy. The officers selected are Major-Generals Young and Corbin and Brigadier-Generals Bliss and Randolph, for the army, and Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Taylor, Captain Pillsbury, and Commander Barnette, for the navy. The present summer brings many changes in the army personnel. On the retirement of Major-General Davis, on July 26, and Lieutenant-General Miles, August 8, Brigadier-General Sumner succeeds General Davis, and General Young is made Lieutenant-General, to succeed General Miles. These changes will make Leonard Wood Major-General. . . . The Pension Bureau has come into prominence through the general complaint of slowness in acting on applications, and through the accusation that Pension Commissioner Ware has violated the Civil Service rules by discharging for political reasons Dr. T. J. McLoughlin, a Democratic member of the Board of Pensions, supposed to be protected from political eventualities and adverse fortune by the protecting folds of the classified list.



Commissioner Ware

Millions in Our New Possessions.—The Philippines Insular Government is replacing Spanish and Mexican coins with American coined money of five, one, and one-half centavos. A vast shipment lay ready for its long voyage to Manila in the steel vaults of the Pacific freighter *Indramayo*, at Brooklyn, July 22. This cargo consists of \$306,000 in nickel and bronze coins. They are packed in five hundred and sixty-three kegs, and their total amounts to 13,740,000 pieces. Six cars under heavy guard transported them from the Philadelphia mint to New York. . . . The now historic event, the landing of the Pacific Company's commercial cable at Honolulu, July 4, has made Hawaiian politics a factor in the American administration, and furnished a new source of daily news. The Hawaiian legislative lawmakers have been in session at Honolulu during the

past four months, and against the desire of the members for an all-year session had to close ultimately out of consideration for the public budget. George Carter is said to be President Roosevelt's choice for Governor of the Islands to succeed Governor Dole, who has one more year to serve. . . . American warships have raised the Stars and Stripes over seven little islands on the northeast coast of Borneo, and a question of international law has arisen with Great Britain. The island group covers an area of forty miles. It is composed of Baguan, Lihiman, Boam, Lankayan, Sibauing, and Bakkungan, and claimed by the United States through conquest under the treaty of 1885 between Germany, Great Britain, and Spain, which conceded to the latter nation all the islands outside of a marine league from the Borneo coast.

The Passing of a Noted Artist.—With the passing of July many people prominent in the world's work have gone to their last account, among them James McNeill Whistler, artist, etcher, and author, who died suddenly at Chelsea, July 17. In his demise the world loses one of its most picturesque and original figures. His trenchant wit displayed itself in his numerous writings, and he won by them his sobriquet as "Past Master of the Gentle Art of Making Enemies." His acrid humor and studied insolence involved him in many lawsuits, that against Ruskin, in 1878, for defamation, in which he received a farthing as damages, being the most famous. He also achieved notoriety by challenging George Moore, the art critic, to a duel. Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. He studied for a time at West Point, but later joined the art classes under Gleyre in Paris, where he was a fellow-student of Du Maurier. Whistler's attack upon the novelist, because of a caricature of himself in "Trilby," is now history, and resulted in the elimination of the character from the book. The American artist experienced many vicissitudes before his works found an honored place in the academies of Glasgow, Munich, Berlin, Dresden, Venice, the British Museum, and the Luxembourg.



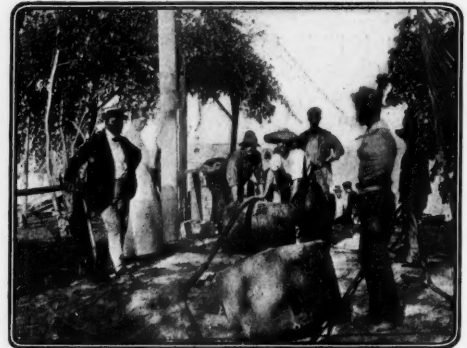
James McNeill Whistler

The Open Door in Manchuria at Last.—After two years of diplomatic strategy and intrigue, American diplomacy, represented by Secretary Hay, has secured for the world's commerce two ports (believed to be Mukden and Ta Tung Kao) into the Chinese Empire, through the province of Manchuria, to be opened in September. The opening of the ports was, it is said, practically decided upon late last June, in a conference between the Secretary of State and Count Cassini. Both ports are at the top of the Bay of Korea, the latter at the mouth of the Yalu River, and the former inland, north of Niu Chwang. The ports are to be opened when Russia, according to the Chinese treaty, evacuates the last Manchurian zone which she now occupies. When Russia denied that she was coercing China, that Empire conceded the ports to the American Commissioners at Peking, and on July 16 Minister Conger cabled that the open door was assured. Secretary Hay has received general praise for the accomplishment of this difficult diplomatic task. Japan in common with other nations will profit by the opportunity to trade with China and Asiatic Europe. A great opportunity is offered to cotton exporters, and it is this trade that Russia with her new Trans-Siberian railroad will make strong endeavor to capture from her American rivals. Over \$12,000,000 worth of cotton trade passes through Niu Chwang annually.

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The latest Picture of President Roosevelt and Family at Oyster Bay



Landing the last Link of the Pacific Cable at Honolulu

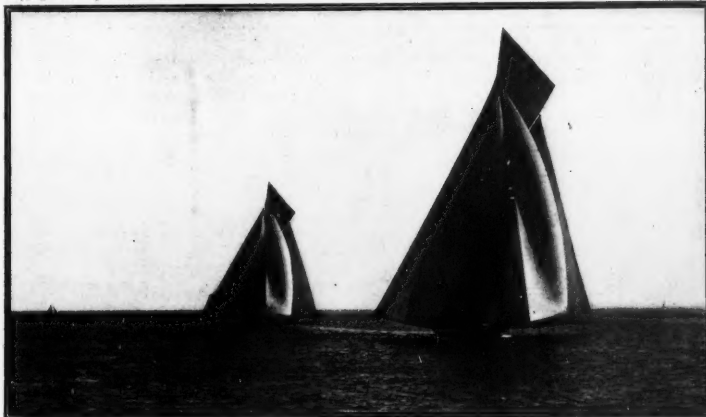


Photograph by V. Gribayedoff

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO ENGLAND

King Edward Presenting Lord Roberts to the French President upon his Arrival at the Victoria Station, London

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"Reliance" leading "Constitution" into Morris Cove, L. I., at the End of the First Day's Race of the New York Yacht Club Cruise



General Miles about to start on his 90-Mile Ride from Fort Sill to Fort Reno, July 14, a Distance which he covered in 9 Hours and 10 Minutes including Stops



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THE NEW CONEY ISLAND,—A HOLIDAY CROWD AT NEW YORK'S FAR-FAMED SUBURBAN PLAYGROUND

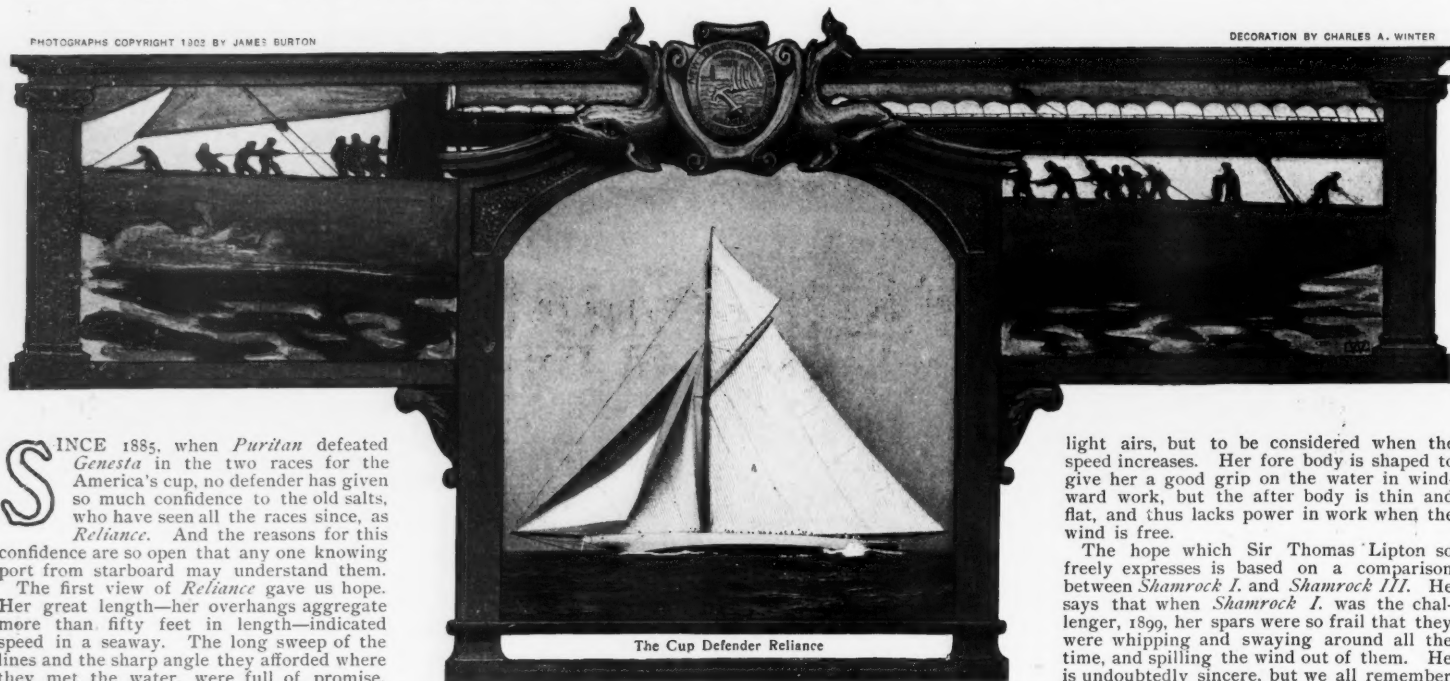
THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE AMERICA'S CUP IS SAFE

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1902 BY JAMES BURTON

DECORATION BY CHARLES A. WINTER



SINCE 1885, when *Puritan* defeated *Genesta* in the two races for the America's cup, no defender has given so much confidence to the old salts, who have seen all the races since, as *Reliance*. And the reasons for this confidence are so open that any one knowing port from starboard may understand them.

The first view of *Reliance* gave us hope. Her great length—her overhangs aggregate more than fifty feet in length—indicated speed in a seaway. The long sweep of the lines and the sharp angle they afforded where they met the water, were full of promise. Her great beam gave assurance that the spread of canvas would be ample. Her shoal draft showed that her dead weight upon the water, displacement, was small. As one enthusiast said, "She is a glorified skimming-dish, and no mistake." Still, one feature of her model raised a doubt. There was no suggestion of a wedge in her bow at the water-line; she was a scow. The sharps had been taught by Froude, and others, that the friction of the water on the wetted part of the hull was the only resistance to a ship's headway when moving at moderate speeds, and that the greater the wetted area the greater the frictional resistance. This scow certainly had a greater wetted surface than the compact *Columbia*, and therefore *Columbia* must move more swiftly in zephyrs.

But beginning on Thursday, May 21, a series of races was held, that were on the whole nothing but light-air trials, save only as an occasional puff struck the yachts. Both *Columbia* and *Constitution* had part in them. They were, therefore, absolutely conclusive as to the light-air ability of the new defender, and she won every race by an average margin that had never been equalled by a new cup racer.

Reliance's Performances

Constitution, being at last in good trim, was able to beat *Columbia* by a margin that proved that Herreshoff had made no mistake when he said that the committee chose the slower boat to defend the cup in 1901.

But because the success of *Reliance* was so great in smooth water, many observers were afraid that she would fail when racing where the seas would buffet her, particularly if she had a light breeze to drive her. On Thursday, June 11, the three defenders met in a windward and leeward race over a thirty-mile course off Sandy Hook. A light breeze was coming in from south-east on the back of the usual ground swell, and off shore the breeze was better and the waves more

vigorous. The racers were started against the wind and sea. By good seamanship the skippers of *Columbia* and *Constitution* pocketed *Reliance* at the start. *Reliance* was blanketed under the lee of *Constitution*, and was taking back wind from *Columbia* as the three crossed the line. It was the worst possible kind of a start. But in less than five minutes the new ship had

light airs, but to be considered when the speed increases. Her fore body is shaped to give her a good grip on the water in windward work, but the after body is thin and flat, and thus lacks power in work when the wind is free.

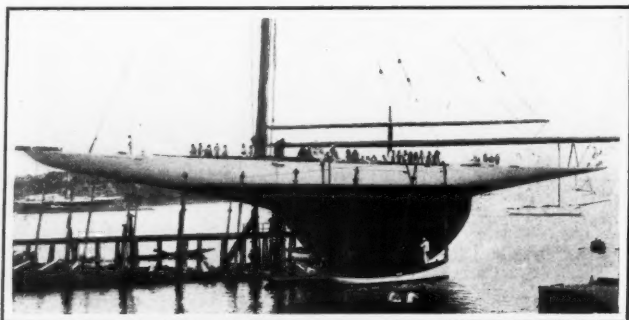
The hope which Sir Thomas Lipton so freely expresses is based on a comparison between *Shamrock I.* and *Shamrock III.* He says that when *Shamrock I.* was the challenger, 1899, her spars were so frail that they were whipping and swaying around all the time, and spilling the wind out of them. He is undoubtedly sincere, but we all remember that in her last race for the cup she carried a club topsail in the windward work, where *Columbia* carried a working topsail only, and it helped her to make a splendid gain when she got a slant of wind as she worked up clear of the Navesink Highlands. Sir Thomas says that since she got a stiffer spar, and has had her canvas reduced somewhat, *Shamrock I.* is much faster than she was four years ago—that she is now faster than *Columbia*. Since no races have been held to prove this, the statement is necessarily based on nothing more substantial than the feelings of his hopeful sailors who say they are confident it is so.

As a matter of fact, there is no good reason to suppose that she has been improved enough to make up for the five-minute interval by which she was defeated in one race, and the ten-minute interval by which she lost in the other. Still, we may allow that the old *Shamrock* is something faster than *Columbia* without losing faith in *Reliance*.

Shamrock's Uncertain Tests

For it must be observed first that *Shamrock III.*'s races with her trial mate have all been held on courses laid out in an off-hand way by the *Erin*. Such tests have proved conclusively that the new ship is swifter than the old one, but they do not give definite figures by which any one can estimate even roughly how much swifter the new one is. *Reliance* has been tested over some courses that were originally laid out by United States naval officers, and over others that were laid out, with the utmost care and precision, by the regular racing committee of the New York Yacht Club, gentlemen who have the habit of judicial impartiality.

Nevertheless, we may accept the record of *Shamrock's* scrub races as absolutely accurate and yet find her unequal to her task. For when working to windward she has done her best, and yet on several occa-



THE UNDERBODY OF RELIANCE

free wind. She then went off in chase of *Constitution* (on the port tack), leaving *Columbia* to sail away on the starboard tack with a hauling wind. The old faithful had every advantage, but *Reliance* beat her by 12 minutes and 54 seconds, and she beat *Constitution* by 5 minutes and 52 seconds.

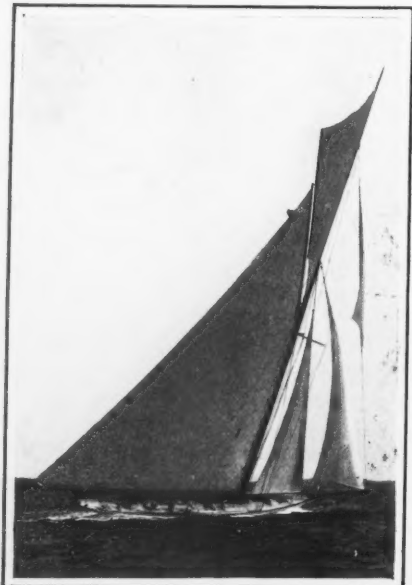
Even then the doubting were not convinced. What could the new ship do in a race with a half gale of wind blowing and a heavy sea running?

In a series of races beginning off Newport, on June 29, the three defenders met in just the kind of weather the pessimists had feared. On the first day, the wind and sea were so heavy that all three yachts staggered under a medium club topsail. On the last, the gale compelled them all to sail without topsails. *Columbia* plunged so deep into the sea, at one time, that a man was washed off forward and drowned, while *Constitution*, though sailing without a topsail, carried away her gaff. The evil winds that the pessimists had feared were upon them in a degree for which they had not looked. But on the first day of those races, *Reliance* not only beat both of her opponents, but she covered the international course (thirty miles) in less time than it had ever been covered before. On the second day, she won again and beat her own good record of the day before, and then on the third day, when disasters overcame her rivals, she thrashed through it all and once more beat her own best record.

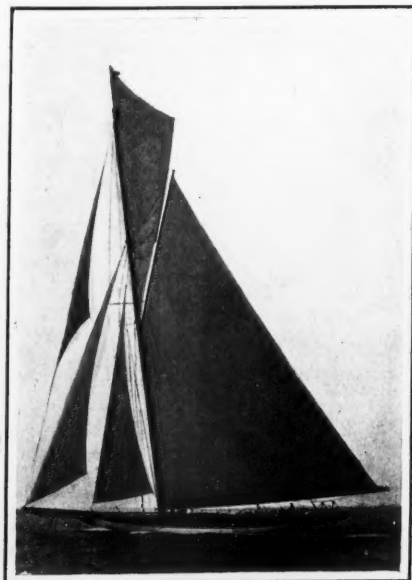
Breaking Records with Shortened Sail

And this unprecedented record (2 hours, 59 minutes, and 20 seconds) was made under less sail than she might have carried. For it was a triangular course; over two legs she sailed with the wind free. She might have carried a balloon jib topsail and a club topsail, and she would have done so in a race with *Shamrock III.*, but when her rivals were knocked out by wind and sea, she jogged over the remaining part of the course with shortened canvas.

The first look at *Shamrock III.*, at the Erie Basin, strengthened the hope which the first look at *Reliance* had raised in the old salts. *Shamrock III.* has a deep and bulky hull—a matter of no great consequence in



RELIANCE



SHAMROCK III.

sions the old boat has hung discouragingly near the new. On July 14, for instance, the new one worked through the lee of the old one quickly, while the wind was fresh only, but as the wind increased, the new was seen to be little if any the swifter.

In fact, the highest claim made for the new challenger is that in a "moderate breeze, say from five to twelve knots an hour, she has outsailed *Shamrock I.* from twenty to thirty seconds to the mile in windward work." But the record of *Reliance* shows that in such breezes as that she has outsailed *Columbia* by 57.5 seconds per mile, in windward work.

In explanation of the all but complete failures that *Shamrock III.* has made, now and then, Sir Thomas always says cheerfully that they were due to misplaced ballast that had been shifted to make a test. No doubt the ballast was shifted, but it is to be noted that the

owners of *Reliance* have never been obliged to make any such explanation. *Reliance* has won in spite of the handicaps due to experiments with ballast. The fact that slight changes in the ballast make notable differences in the work of the challenger is a point against her chances of success. A stronger point against her is the fact that she does well in one weight of wind only.

Shamrock Good in Light Breezes Only

Finally, the undisputed fact is that *Shamrock III.* does not reach well in any kind of wind. On July 15, for instance, the breeze was estimated at fifteen knots an hour and the sea was relatively smooth. It was a most excellent state of weather, but in a scrub race over a course eight miles long across the wind, the new boat gained but a minute and a half. On the average, *Re-*

liance is just over twenty-eight seconds a mile faster than *Columbia* when reaching in moderate breezes, or at least three minutes and forty-four seconds faster for eight miles.

To sum it up, *Shamrock III.* is a one-weather boat—good only in breezes under twelve knots; she is good, then, only in windward work. Against her we shall pit a boat that in every kind of yachting wind, and in every point of sailing, has proved herself, to a most astonishing extent, superior to both trial mates, and has made a record in *Shamrock's* best conditions that is 27.5 seconds per mile faster.

When Sir Thomas abandons the hidebound designers who have spent their lives building "wholesome" models, and obtains a challenger from some young designer whose ambition lies in the lines of racers, the cup will be in some danger. It is in no danger now.



Illustrated by H. Reuterdahl

The AFFAIR of the RIO BERRIO

by Lieut. A. H. Dutton



THE annals of the American Navy do not record a prettier, more gallant exploit than that performed on November 11, 1902, by a handful of American sailors, supported by a little American-manned gunboat, and serving under a foreign flag, in an obscure spot on the Colombian coast. Decatur's bold cutting-out expedition at Tripoli, Cushing's historic destruction of the ram *Albatross*,

and nearly all of the other well-known models of extreme daring by Yankee man-of-war-men, were executed under cover of night, and were in the nature of surprises. The affair of the Rio Berrio, on November 11, took place in broad daylight, in the face of a fully prepared and expectant enemy, who awaited the attack behind intrenchments and in thick weeds.

The exploit was performed by two armed boats' crews from the Colombian Government cruiser *Bogota* and her consort, the little tender *Chucuito*.

The *Bogota*, formerly the merchant steamer *Jessie Banning*, and, still earlier, the royal yacht of the Rajah of Cutch (who lost her in a game of poker), had been purchased by the Colombian Government to wrest from the insurgent Liberals the command of the sea which had enabled them to prolong the rebellion for three disastrous years. She was fitted out in San Francisco, and officered and manned throughout by Americans, nearly all of whom had served in the United States Navy, fully half of them having previously been under fire. There were three veterans of the Civil War. Others had served under Dewey in Manila Bay or under Sampson in the West Indies.

After a few days spent in Panama, coaling, victualing, and receiving additions to her armament, the *Bogota*, accompanied by the little *Chucuito*, started forth on her first search for the insurgent flotilla. Taboga and Otoque Islands, Chame Point, and other rendezvous of the enemy were examined, but fruitlessly. Entering Parita Bay, at the head of which was the insurgent stronghold of Agua Dulce, the first signs of the foe were discovered in the shape of intrenchments along the shore. These were shelled in passing, but the response from them was light.

On the afternoon of the second day out, November 10, a sail was sighted, making all speed in the direction of Agua Dulce. She was pursued, driven ashore, and a boat expedition under command of Lieutenant Charles Mitchell, who subsequently died of yellow fever, was sent in to take possession of the prize. A brisk musketry fire from riflemen in the woods greeted the boat as it approached, but this fire was speedily silenced by Mitchell's men, who carried not only magazine rifles, but likewise, mounted in the bow, a vicious machine-gun, which fired seven hundred and fifty steel-jacketed bullets a minute. The prize proved to be the sloop *Helvetia*, carrying despatches and salt to the enemy. From the despatches it was learned that the insurgents were in dire straits for want of salt, and that a larger vessel, the schooner *San Jose*, was en route with a large supply of it.

Having sent the *Helvetia* into Panama with a prize-crew on board of her, the *Bogota* and the *Chucuito* started out to intercept the *San Jose*. She was encountered the following forenoon, off the mouth of a small river, scarcely more than a creek, called the Rio Berrio, on the southern side of Parita Bay.

The schooner made all sail for the river as soon as the *Bogota* headed for her, and succeeded in reaching it before the warship's guns came within range. The tide was low and the schooner grounded just after crossing the bar, her people deserting her

and making for the adjacent woods and trenches as soon as the *Bogota* opened fire upon them. It was determined to send in a reconnoitring boat, to judge the feasibility of bringing the schooner out. Lieutenant H. L. Gooding, with a boat's crew consisting of Boatswain's Mate R. E. Dugan, Quartermaster H. O. Clark, and Landsmen H. S. True, Ed Callahan, and R. S. Worthington, armed with magazine rifles and a machine-gun, started in toward the shore, the way being partly cleared by a few shots from the *Bogota* and the *Chucuito*. It was soon discovered that the schooner was too fast aground to be floated at that stage of the tide, and the boat was recalled, pulling back to the ship under a desultory fire from concealed riflemen on shore, by which Quartermaster Clark was painfully wounded by a bullet from a Gras rifle.

A characteristic and amusing incident of this trip was the discovery by True and Worthington of two riflemen taking pot-shots at them from a small trench just above the beach. Without awaiting orders, these two young sailors leaped from the boat, just as she was about to shove off, and charged the trench. The two riflemen fled precipitately, and no more shots came from that trench.

While this reconnoissance was going on, reinforcements for the enemy were seen hurrying from several directions toward the trenches and the dense woods that lined the banks of the river and the shore for some distance on both sides of the mouth. It would not be until 1 P. M., or two hours later, that the tide would be at such a stage as to make the floating of the schooner even remotely possible. To send in a cutting-out expedition, in slow-pulling boats, wholly exposed to the fire of a concealed and constantly increasing enemy, appeared so hazardous that an abandonment of the idea and the substitution of the vessel's destruction by a vigorous shelling were seriously considered. But the *Bogota's* crew were so eager for the fray that it was determined to call for volunteers and make the attempt at cutting out.

No sooner was the word passed than the spirit of 1776, of 1812, of 1861, of 1898, manifested itself. Every man who heard the call leaped instantly to his feet with a loud "I, sir!" The whole ship's company volunteered, although they fully realized the extreme danger of the undertaking. Shoal water prevented the *Bogota* and the *Chucuito* from approaching closer than half a mile from the schooner. Bullets from the shore were even then dropping around the *Bogota*. The boats would have a good half-mile to pull, at their very slow gait, under a severe fire, in plain view of the concealed enemy. The schooner had then to be boarded, either floated or burned, and the return made under the same conditions as the approach.

Undaunted by the prospect, the Yankee sailors insisted, and there were many grumbings from the unselected, when Lieutenant George B. Parker, who was

designated as

the commander of the little force, chose his men. He took Gunner's Mate Richard Kane, Quartermaster O. McHale, Oiler S. McIntosh, and Landsmen J. C. Clarke, B. E. Cross, and H. Patterson. Another boat, from the *Chucuito*, carried Lieutenants J. J. Mentges and P. Vasquez, Gunner Fred Lawson, and five seamen.

The two boats shoved off enthusiastically and pulled straight for the now strongly defended schooner, the *Bogota's* boat in the lead, with its deadly machine-gun glistening brightly in the bow.

Volley after volley poured from all sides upon the attacking boats, but as very few of the insurgents had smokeless powder, puffs of white smoke quickly revealed their location. Then the *Bogota* and the little *Chucuito* opened up. Their rapid-fire guns poured in a deadly fire of shell and shrapnel wherever the puffs of smoke were seen. Occasionally a man would be seen to fall from a tree or other place of concealment. Then, as they were driven from their ambush into the open by the hot fire, the latter would be redoubled with great effect. A 14-pounder shrapnel from the *Bogota's* bow gun exploded in the middle of a party of eleven, who were hurrying across a gully. Not one of them arose after the explosion.

Meanwhile, the boats pulled steadily, silently on. The enemy's fire lessened somewhat for a time, under the fierce fire of the covering vessels' guns, but the latter, too, had to slacken a bit as the boats entered the river's mouth, for great care had to be exercised lest those in the boats should be hit. Just as the schooner was reached, the enemy rallied and poured in a terrible fire from all sides. It was a miracle that a single man in the boats escaped. Miserable marksmanship was all that saved them, for the nearest hostile riflemen were less than twenty yards away, the furthest not over one hundred and fifty.

Then, for the first time, the boats answered the fire. Trailing their oars, the crews picked up their rifles and hurled a "magazine fire" at point-blank range, the machine-gun at the same time uttering its ominous staccato "tup-tup-tup-tup-tup," delivering bullets like water from a hose. Sharpshooters dropped from the trees or fell forward from the bushes.

With a cry of "I'm hit, sir," Gunner's Mate Kane fell back, grasping his left side.

"So am I, Kane," answered Lieutenant Parker, but Kane was dead before Parker finished the brief sentence. Parker was shot in both legs and the chest.

In the *Chucuito's* boat, Lieutenant Vasquez was wounded in the thigh.

These, the only casualties, occurred during the heavy fire at the moment of reaching the schooner.

Disregarding the flying bullets, merely keeping the machine-gun and three rifles going, the boats' crews, as coolly as if at drill at home, boarded the schooner, and passed out a line to tow her out. It was useless, for she was hard aground and the tide had begun to ebb. It was decided to destroy her. Lieutenant Parker, in spite of his wounds, climbed aboard, accompanied by Gunner Fred Lawson, and set the schooner afire. She burned fiercely and was totally destroyed.

The boats then pulled back to the ships, under a fire, however, which had been materially lessened by the severe cannonade of the ships and the machine-gun in the *Bogota's* boat.

After peace was declared, insurgent officers officially acknowledged that their loss on this occasion was forty-six killed and wounded.

Kane's body, wrapped in the American flag, was sent to Panama on the *Chucuito*. As it was passed over the side, three volleys were fired and "taps" were sounded. He was given an imposing funeral in Panama, being escorted to his grave by a band of music, a battalion of infantry, and some leading officials.

The *Bogota* had other little affairs with the enemy's intrenchments, but for bold, picturesque daring, this of the Rio Berrio far excelled all, and gave her and her people a prestige that drove the enemy's ships into hiding and brought a speedy termination to the war.



VOLLEYS POURED FROM ALL SIDES UPON THE ATTACKING BOATS



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THE WEAKER

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA

In pursuance of the advice of his physicians, our hero starts on his journey in search of health. In another distressing circumstance:—his seat in the parlor car is next to Miss Pe...



AKER SEX.—IV.

Y CHARLES DANA GIBSON

on his journey in search of rest, but at the very outset finds himself confronted by
is next Miss Peachem, for whom he has always had the most profound regard

BRER RABBIT AND THE CHICKENS

UNCLE REMUS wasn't sure that the little boy enjoyed the tale in which little Riley Rabbit turned the tables on Wiley Wolf. In fact, the old man was sorely puzzled as to the best method of pleasing the youngster. He ventured to put a question to him. "Honey, what kinder tales does you like?"

"Oh, I like them all," replied the little boy, "only some are nicer than the others;" and then, without waiting for an invitation, he told Uncle Remus the story of Cinderella. He told it very well for a small chap, and Uncle Remus pretended to enjoy it, although he had heard it hundreds of times.

"It's a mighty purty tale," he said. "It's so purty dat you dunner whedder ter b'lieve it er not. Yit I speck it's so, kaze one time in forty-lev'm hunder matters will turn out right een' upperds. Now, de creeturs never had no god-m'ers; dey des hatter scuffle an' scramble an' git 'long de bes' way dey kin."

"But they were very cruel," remarked the little boy, "and they told stories."

"When it come ter dat," Uncle Remus replied, "de creeturs ain't much ahead er folks, an' yit folks is got preachers fer ter tell um when deyer gwine wrong. Mo' dan dat, dey got de Bible; an' yit when you git a little older, you'll wake up some fine day an' say ter yo'se'f dat de creeturs is got de 'vantage er folks, spite er de fack dat dey ain't know de diffunce 'twix' right an' wrong. Dey got ter live 'cordin' ter der natur', kaze dey ain't know no better. I hed in min' a tale 'bout Brer Rabbit an' de chickens, but I speck it'd hurt yo' feelin's."

The little boy said nothing for some time; he was evidently expecting Uncle Remus to go ahead with his story. But he was mistaken about this, for when the old man broke the silence, it was to speak of something trivial or commonplace. The child, in spite of the training to which he had been subjected, retained his boy's nature. "Uncle Remus," he said, "what about Brother Rabbit and the chickens?"

"Which Brer Rabbit wuz dat, honey?" he asked with apparent surprise.

"You said something about Brother Rabbit and the chickens."

"Who? Me? I mought er said sump'n 'bout um day 'fo' yistiddy, but it done gone off'n my min'. I done got so ol' dat my min' flutters like a bird in de 'bush."

"Why, you said that there was a tale about Brother Rabbit and the chickens, but if you told it, my feelings would be hurt. You must think I am a girl."

Uncle Remus laughed. "Not ez bad ez dat, honey; but I'm fear'd your monstous tetchous. I'll tell you de tale, an' den you kin tell it ter yo' pa, kaze it's one he ain't never hear tell 'bout."

"Well, den, one time, 'way back yander dey wuz a man what live neighbor ter de creeturs. Dey wa'n't nothin' quare 'bout dis Mr. Man; he wuz des a plain, eve'yday kinder man, an' he try ter git 'long de best he kin. He ain't had no easy time, needer, kaze 'twan't den like 'tis now, when you kin take yo' cotton er yo' corn ter town an' have de money planked down fer you."

"In dem times dey wa'n't no town, an' dey wa'n't no money. What folks dey wuz hatter git 'long by swappin' an' traffickin'. How dey done it, I'll never tell you, but do it dey did, an' it seem like dey wuz in about ez happy ez folks is deze days."

"Well, dish yer Mr. Man what I'm a-tellin' you 'bout, he had a truck patch, an' a roas'in'-year patch, an' a goober patch. He grow'd wheat an' barley, an' likewise rye, an' kiss de gals an' make um cry. An' on top er dat, he had a whole yard full er chickens, an' dar's whar de trouble come in. In dem times, all er de

THE THIRD IN A NEW SERIES OF "UNCLE REMUS" STORIES

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrations by Frank Ver Beck



"WENT OFF HOME DES EZ GAYLY EZ A COLT IN A BARLEY PATCH"

creeturs wuz meat-eaters, an' 'twuz in about ez much ez dey kin do, an' sometimes a little mo', fer ter git 'long so dey won't go ter bed hungry. Dey got in de habit er bein' hongry, an' dey ain't never git over it. Look at Brer Wolf—gaunt; look at Brer Fox—gaunt! Dey ain't never been able fer ter make deyse'f fat."

"So den, ez you see um now, dat de way dey wuz in dem days, an' a little mo' so. Mr. Man, he had chickens, des like I tell you. Hens ez plump ez a pa'tridge; pullets so slick dey'd make yo' mouf water, an' fryin'-size chickens dat look like dey want ter git right in de pan. Now, when dat de case, what you reckon gwine-ter happen? Brer Wolf want chicken; Brer Fox want chicken, an' Brer Rabbit want chicken. An' dey ain't got nothin' what dey kin swap fer um. In deze days dey'd be called po', but I take notice dat po' folks gits des ez hongry ez de rich uns—an' hongrier, when it comes ter dat; yes, Lord! lots hongrier."

"Well, de creeturs got mighty frien'ly wid Mr. Man. Dey'd call on 'im, spesually on Sundays, an' he ain't had no better sense dan ter cluck up his chickens des ter show um what a nice passel he had. When dis happen, Brer Wolf under-jaw would trimble, an' Brer Fox would dribble at de mouf same ez a baby what cuttin' his toofies. Ez fer Brer Rabbit, he'd des laugh, an' nobody ain't know what he laughin' at. It went on dis away twel it look like natur' can't stan' it, an' den, bimeby, one night when de moon ain't shinin', Brer Rabbit take a notion dat he'd call on Mr. Man; but when he got ter de place, Mr. Man done gone ter bed. De lights wuz all out, an' de dog wuz quiled up un' de house soun' asleep."

"Brer Rabbit shake his head. He 'low, 'Sholy dey's sump'n wrong, kaze allers, when I come, Mr. Man call up his chickens whar I kin look at um. I dunner what de matter wid 'im. An' I don't see no chickens, needer. I boun' you sump'n done happen, an' nobody ain't tell me de news, kaze dey know how sorry I'd be. Ef I could git in de house, I'd go in dar an' see ef ever'thing is all right; but I can't git in."

"He walk all 'roun', he did, but he ain't see nobody. He wuz so skeer'd he'd wake um up dat he walk on his tippy-toes. He 'low, 'Ef Mr. Man know'd I wuz here, he'd come out an' show me his chickens, an' I des might ez well look in an' see ef deyer all right. Wid dat he went ter de chicken-house an' peep in, but he can't see nothin'. He went ter de door, an' foun' it onlocked. Brer Rabbit grin, he did, an' 'low, 'Mr. Man mos' know'd dat I'd be 'long some time ter-day, an' done gone an' lef' his chicken-house open so I kin see his pullets—an' he know'd dat ef I can't see um, I'd wanter feel um fer ter see how slick an' purty dey is."

"Brer Rabbit slap hisse'f on de leg an' laugh fit ter kill. He ain't make fuss nuff fer ter wake Mr. Man, but he woke de fat hens an' de slick pullets, an' dey ax one an'er what de name er goodness is de matter. Brer Rabbit laugh an' say ter hisse'f dat he'd 'a' brung a bag, it'd make a good overcoat fer four er five er de fat hens, an' six er sev'm er de slick pullets. Den he 'low, 'Why, what is

I thinkin' 'bout? I got a bag in my han', an' I fergit dat I had it. It's mighty lucky fer de chickens dat I fotch it, kaze a little mo'—an' dey'd 'a' been friz stiff! So he scoop in de bag ez many ez he kin tote. He 'low, 'I'll take um home an' kinder git um warm, an' ter-morrer Mr. Man kin have um back—ef he want um, an' wid dat, mighty nigh choke hisse'f tryin' fer ter keep fum laughin'. De chickens kinder flutter, but dey ain't make much fuss, an' Brer Rabbit flung de sack 'cross his shoulders an' went off home des ez gayly ez a colt in a barley patch."

"Wouldn't you call that stealing, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy very seriously.

"Ef Brer Rabbit had 'a' been folks, it'd be called stealin', but you know mighty well dat de creeturs dunno de diffunce 'twix' takin' an' stealin'. When it come ter dat, dey's a-plenty folks dat ain't know de diffunce, an' how you gwine-ter blame de creeturs?" Uncle Remus paused to see what comment the little boy would make, but he was silent, though it is doubtful if he was satisfied.

"Brer Rabbit tuck de chickens on home, he did, an' made 'way wid um. Now, dat wuz de las' er de chickens, but des de beginnin's er de feathers. Ol' Miss Rabbit, she wanter burn um in de fier, but Brer Rabbit say de whole neighborhood would smell um, an' he 'low dat he got a better way dan dat. So, nex' mornin' atter brekkus, he borried a bag fum ol' Brer Wolf, an' inter dis he stuff de feathers, an' start off down de road."

"Well, suh, ez luck would have it, Brer Rabbit hatter pass by Brer Fox house, an' who should be stannin' at de gate wid his walkin'-cane in han', but Brer Fox? Brer Fox, he fetched a bow, wid, 'Brer Rabbit, whar you gwine?' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Ef I had de win', Brer Fox, I'd be gwine to mill. Dish yer's a turrible load I got, an' I dunner how soon I'll gi' out. I ain't ez strong in de back an' limber in de knees like I useter be, Brer Fox. You may be holdin' yo' own, an' I hope you is, but I'm on de down grade, dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat.' Wid dat, he sot de bag down by de side er de road, an' wipe his face wid his hankcher."

"Brer Fox, he come on whar Brer Rabbit wuz a-settin' at, an' ax ef it's corn er wheat. Brer Rabbit 'low dat tain't na'er one; it's des some stuff dat he gwine ter sell ter de miller. Brer Fox, he want ter know what 'tis so bad he ain't know what ter do, an' he up an' ax Brer Rabbit p'intedly. Brer Rabbit say he fear'd ter tell 'im kaze de truck what he got in de bag is de onliest way he kin make big money. Brer Fox vow he won't tell nobody, an' den Brer Rabbit say dat bein' ez him an' Brer Fox is sech good frien's—neighbors, ez you might say—he don't min' tellin' 'im, kaze he know dat atter Brer Fox done promiss, he won't breave a word 'bout it. Den he say dat de truck what he got in de bag is roots er de Winniannimus grass, an' when dey er groun' up at de mill, dey er wuff nine dollars a poun'."

"Dis make Brer Fox open his eyes. He felt de heft er de bag, he did, an' hesay dat it's mighty light, an' he dunner what make Brer Rabbit pant an' grunt when 'tain't no heftier dan what it is."

"Brer Rabbit 'low dat de bag wouldn't 'a' felt heavy ter him ef he wuz big an' strong like Brer Fox. Dat kinder talk make Brer Fox feel biggity, an' he 'low dat he'll tote de bag ter mill ef Brer Rabbit feel like it's too heavy. Brer Rabbit say he'll be mighty much erbleeged, an' be glad fer ter pay Brer Fox sump'n ter boot. An' so, off dey put down de road, Brer Fox a-trottin' an' Brer Rabbit gwine in a canter."

"Brer Fox ax what dey does wid de Winniannimus grass atter dey gits it groun' up at de mill. Brer Rabbit 'low dat rich folks buys it fer ter make Whimewhopme puddin'. Brer Fox say he'll take some home when de miller git it groun', an' see how it tas'es, an' Brer Rab-



"BRER RABBIT, WHAR YOU GWINE?"



"YOU GO ON, AN' I'LL KETCH UP WID YOU EF I KIN"

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bit say he's mo' dan welcome. Atter dey been gwine on some little time Brer Rabbit look back an' see Mr. Man a-comin', an' he say ter Brer Fox, sezee, 'Brer Fox, you is de outdoinst man I ever is see. You done got me plum wo' out, an' I'm bleeze ter take a res'. You go on an' I'll ketch up wid you ef I kin; ef not, des wait fer me at de mill.' Brer Fox 'low, 'Shucks, Brer Rabbit! you ain't 'quainted wid me; you dunner nothin' 'tall 'bout me. I kin go on dis away all day long an' half de night.' Brer Rabbit roll his big eyes, an' say, 'Well, suh!'

"An' den he sot down by de side er de road, an' 'twuz all he kin do fer ter keep fum bustin' out in a big laugh.
"Bimeby, Mr. Man come 'long an' say, 'Who dat wid de big bag on his back?' Brer Rabbit make answer dat it's Brer Fox. Mr. Man say, 'What he got in his bag?' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'I ax 'im, an' he say it's some kinder grass what he takin' ter de mill fer ter git groun', but I seed mo' dan one chicken feather stickin' ter de bag.' Mr. Man say, 'Den he's de chap what tuck an' tuck my fat hens an' my slick pullets, an' I'll make 'im sorry dat he yever is see a chicken.'
"Wid dat he put out atter Brer Fox, an'

Brer Rabbit, he put out, too, but he stay in de bushes, so dat nobody can't see 'im. Mr. Man he cotch up wid Brer Fox, an' ax 'im what he got in de bag. Brer Fox say he got Winniannimus grass look like. Brer Fox sot de bag down an' say dat when it's groun' up de rich folks buys it fer ter make Whimpewhopme puddin'. Mr. Man open de bag, an' dey wa'n't nothin' in it but chicken feathers. He 'low, 'Whimpewhopme puddin'! I'll whip you an' whop you, an' wid dat he grab Brer Fox in de collar, an' mighty nigh frailed de life out'n 'im.

"Brer Rabbit seed it well done, an' he des fell down in de bushes an' roll an' laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'.
"Well, I don't see why he should think it was funny," the little boy remarked.
Uncle Remus looked hard at this modern little boy before he answered: "Maybe you dunno Brer Fox, honey; I don't speck you hear talk er de way he try ter git de inturn on Brer Rabbit. But on top er dat, Brer Rabbit wuz so ticklish dat mos' anything would make 'im laugh. It sholy wuz scan'lous de way Brer Rabbit kin laugh."

TRUE STORIES OF TO-DAY

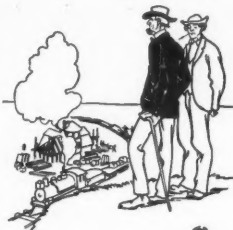
With Illustrations by Edward Penfield

A Mansion by Freight

MR. JOHN M. LONGYEAR, of Marquette, Michigan, built a mansion in that city at a cost of half a million dollars, and because he could not sell it for a satisfactory price, he decided to move it to a suburb of Boston. Mr. Longyear is a man of a high determination and is firmly entrenched in his own opinion of how things should be done. A year ago a railroad company wished to lay a track along that part of Lake Superior on which Mr. Longyear's estate fronted. After a legal battle, condemnation proceedings worsted the country seat and diminished the value of the house so much that the owner could not sell it for more than a fourth the sum it had cost him.

The real estate experts of Marquette, who believed that Mr. Longyear would be forced to let the estate go as a notable bargain for them, were pained and surprised when he announced casually that he was going to move to Brookline, just outside Boston, and thought he would take his mansion along with his personal property. Marquette organized itself into an unofficial examining board as to the sanity of its wealthiest resident, and there was much wagging of gray beards and gossiping over this rare sensation. But Mr. Longyear was neither peevish nor mentally incompetent. A large force of workmen began to take the mansion down. They numbered the brownstone blocks, took the framework apart, and in a few months had every stick and stone ready for shipment. There was no doubt of the determination of Mr. Longyear when the first trainload of thirty carloads of material was started for Boston.

Forty additional carloads are awaiting shipment, and workmen are already busy in Brookline fitting together the mansion to be erected on a handsome country estate. Mr. Longyear lacks imagination, for this prodigious operation of whisking a mansion across a thousand miles of country, as if assisted by a magic carpet or a few friendly genii, seemed to him a most matter-of-fact undertaking. But the people of Marquette, and they occasionally ask one another: "Do you think he will carry the lawn and the cellar to Boston as soon as the house is put together?"



"Will he carry off the lawn?"

said I was a dead man, but I was away from work only eight weeks.

"It was ten years after that when I was hit again. I was shaking hands with a friend at the Devon station, and a local passenger train wandered along when it had no business to, and the engine threw me across the station platform. This time three of my ribs were broke and I was knocked stupid. The doctor tied me up, and I went back to my job on the track without losing a day's work.

"About five years after that whack I was hit again. I was bossing a gang tamping ties when cramps caught me in my left leg, and I sat down on the rail to take my boot off. An express train came along with no whistle or bell, and hit me from behind. Of course I didn't wait long, and before I knew it I was sailing through the air, with my whiskers standing straight out in front of me from the violence of the shock. This trip I didn't go very high, but kept on a level, going like a bullet, and hit a rail fence which was old and rotten—thank the Lord for that. This time I was off for a month, for the doctor found that my breast-bone was cracked. I figured that I was knocked far enough in those three collisions to carry me across an acre lot in one flight. I keep out of the way of those fool engineers now, and don't give them any more chances at me. It surely is carrying a joke too far to sneak up behind a man and lift him 'cross lots, three separate times, and give him no warning with whistle or bell. And I am getting too old to stand any more of it. You young fellows can stand hard knocks, but when you are my age you'll be shy of danger."

The Author Vindicated

WHEN Charles Battell Loomis was several years younger than he ever will be again, he wrote a story in which the chief incident was the fall of a baby from an open window of a car on the Elevated road and its lucky escape from death owing to its choice of a landing place—a ragman's cart.

This story went to the "Century" and came back with the remark: "We have sent our credulity to the shop for repairs since reading your story."

And everywhere that story went its fate was just the same: like the celebrated cat, it came back.

Mr. Loomis swallowed his disappointment, and after a time he stored the tale away in a pigeonhole and forgot all about it.

A short time since, a Mrs. Lublinger went out shopping in New York and she took with her two children—Martin, seven years old, but not very venturesome, and Louis, aged but three little years, yet an explorer of the most pronounced type—one of those whose journey through life is punctuated with sensations and a hunt for them.

Up the station stairs of the Second Avenue Elevated at Eighty-sixth Street went Mrs.

Lublinger, the decorous Martin by her side, but Louis pushing on ahead with American initiative.

The train came in and Louis rushed aboard, found a vacant seat by an open window, and immediately did a balancing act that caused him to leave the car just as his mother was entering it.

The recital of the facts thus far may sound jocose, but to Mrs. Lublinger the affair was tragic. The train went on, and no one could tell her whether her son had been dashed

to pieces or a miracle had intervened to save him. Her imagination pictured the worst, and the distance from Eighty-sixth to Eighty-eighth Street was, in all probability, the longest she had ever travelled. What a



"The cow-catcher caught me fair"

A Disturber of Traffic

JOHN QUIGLEY, of the little town of Stratford, near Philadelphia, has a grievance against the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is uncommonly vigorous for his seventy-five years, and has raised a family of fifteen children, yet he has grappled three times in deadly strife with the front ends of rapidly moving trains, and his total list of injuries would equip a whole hospital ward.

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creeping thing was the train! At last, however, when nearly frantic, she was able to leave it, and began a slower trip back on a surface car. Before, her fellow-passengers had been sympathetic—they had seen the awful disappearance of her little boy. But these new passengers knew nothing of the cause of her grief, and stared impertinently at her, wondering what it was all about. How could they know that she was on her way to claim the mangled body of her child?

Now there was not a ragman handy as there had been in Mr. Loomis's story, but there was one just as good. Daniel Walsh, a bricklayer—and himself a brick—happened to be standing in the street beneath the window when the boy began his flight, and by a happy providence he looked up, involuntarily spread his arms and caught the boy, whose impact dashed his preserver to the pavement. But Daniel was not hurt at all, and, as for Louis, he received only a scraped head and a desire for fresh sensations.

THE ÆSOPIC STRANGER

By Hayden Carruth : Illustrated by W. Glackens



His regular narrative manner

HE ONLY stayed with us five days," remarked Mr. Milo Bush, "but we being snowed in and having nothing else to do we got pretty well acquainted with him, and prob'ly it was just as well he didn't stay no longer, 'cause though he might of cast credit on the town as a stoic, he wasn't

calculated to build it up in a business way, which it has always needed most, there never being a lack of stoicents, as I might name old Perffessor Bink and Henry Barley-back, and even myself in a humble way, and not forgetting old Perffessor Dillpicker, who stayed one summer and was studying them perhistoric animals which looked like various kinds of doughnuts and fritters and had names similar."

Mr. Bush paused and pushed down the Settlers' Solace in an ancient corn-cob pipe with a charred finger, then fell into his regular narrative manner, which always suggested his firm belief that the tale must not only entertain the hearer, but benefit him as well.

Walked into the Headquarters House (continued Mr. Bush), and said he'd have to stay till the storm was over, and he could get on by stage to American Eagle, where he had mining interests—so he said, but I reckon they was just another fable. That was his strong p'int—Æsop's fables. Always quoting 'em and ill-ustrating his remarks by telling 'em. Kind of a little dried-up, bald-headed man wearing big round spectacles. Registered as J. M. Hicktree, and turns around to where a passel of us was setting by the stove and says he: "Gentlemen, I'm reminded of one of Æsop's fables. Three Dorgs and a Ass was—"

"Sir," says Jap Bingerford, rising up stern and forbidding, "I hope, sir, you ain't coming into our peaceable community intending to stir up strife. You say, sir, three Dorgs and a Ass. Do you, sir, mean to cast any reflections on our loved, honored, and highly valued feller cit'zen, Mr. Al Doty, Esquire?" and he p'inted to Al setting there with three of his dorgs laying behind his cheer. The *wust* man for dorgs, Al was. Had more'n—well, there ain't no way to tell you how many he did have, but you may perhaps get some realizing sense of 'em when I tell you it took 'em two hours to pass a given p'int. Percession of dorgs *always* follering him. When he got to the post-office the stream would still be ishering from the front door of his house. Sometimes to save the office getting overloaded with dorgs, the postmaster would open the back door and they'd flow out, and mebbey head back home and go in the kitchen door there and keep up the supply. All on the dead run—regular Maelstrub of dorgs. Strangers used to edge out around, being afraid they'd get drawn in and drowned in dorgs.

But as I was saying, the stranger stepped back quick, and after some effort got his specks trained on Al and the dorgs, and stood studying them surprised. "Sir," goes on Jap, "speak out as betwixt man and man. Do you or the party you mentioned, Mr. E. Soap, as I caught the name, mean to insinuate that our distinguished friend which sets there with a minute sample of his possessions is a Ass?" Then the stranger started sudden and says he: "My dear sir, no, a thousand times no! I did not notice the party at all. I only happened to think of a fable which was writ by Æsop, who lived many thousand years ago, in furren parts."

"Very well—shake," says Jap. "I just wanted to know, not feeling that I could let any shadder be cast on Al, which is a local institution, by some called a zoo-ological island, being yossially a man entirely surrounded by dorgs, though at present speaking, owing to low tide of dorgs, a peninsular.

Mr. Walsh picked himself and the boy up, and doubtless decided that, as a boy catcher, he was the right thing, although he may have wished he had worn catchers' gloves.

When Mrs. Lublinger reached the corner she found her son sitting in a drug store, perfectly calm, and not a bit impressed by his absolutely unique way of making his exit from an Elevated train.

In a story, hysterics on her part would have been voted old-fashioned by the author, but Mrs. Lublinger, not being in a story, had hysterics just as soon as she could, and then with Martin and Louis she went home to recount her adventures to sympathizing neighbors.

Mr. Loomis, who read the account in the paper, says that he is anxious for Louis to grow up, for he may become an editor. If he does, Mr. Loomis is going to brush the dust off that story of his and offer it to him, for he is sure that he can not say it taxes his credulity. But then Mr. Lublinger may find some other editorial reason for rejecting it.

Give us the story you started on," Al setting silent and smiling and the dorgs thrashing their tails up and down on the floor same way Al had 'em trained to do when he was having 'em beat a carpet on the grass.

"Never mind 'bout that one, my dear sir," says the man. "Lemmy tell you one more pleasant which is about one dorg. You may of heard it. One day a Dorg was passing over a plank, which spanned a stream, with a piece of meat in his mouth. On looking down he beheld his own shadder, and thinking to get the other piece of meat also he opened his mouth. The meat slipped into the water. 'Alars!' cries the Dorg, but just then noticing that a large fish had seized the meat, he reached down and snapped up the fish, extracted the meat from its jaws, ate it and took the fish home to his master, who on dressing it found a diamond ring and two silver spoons in its stomach. Moral: Spare the rod and spoil the child."

When the stranger finished he looked at Jap—I ought to say, I s'pose, that I quote the fable from memory as the feller give it and may of made some transgressions, but it amounted to this.

"I always said the dorg has great intelligence," says Al Doty. "Now, onct—" "Hold on, Al," says Jap. "I have give you a good name to the visiting party—I can not let you spoil it by telling a bigger dorg story than that. His'n reaches the utmost boundaries of reason, Al—especially where he makes the critter say 'alars.'"

"I can tell still another about a canine," says the stranger.

"One day a Dorg went to sleep in the manger of an Ox. Soon the Ox come in tired and hungry, but the Dorg stood up and begun to bark furiously. The Ox stopped and thought for sometime, then setting down, he took a jew's-harp out of his vest pocket and begun to play the 'Maiden's Prayer.' The Dorg stood it for some time, then he leaps out and decamps rapid. Moral: Facts are stubborn things. I will also tell you another," goes on the man, "of a Fox and a Crow. The Fox seeing a Crow in a tree with a piece of cheese in her bill begun to compliment her and finally asked her to sing, saying he had heard her voice highly spoken of. The foolish Crow opened her beak to comply, and the morsel, of course, dropped into the Fox's mouth. It proved to be a bit of dynamite which the Crow had stole at a neighboring stone quarry and blew the Fox to atoms. Moral: Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Well, there ain't much more to tell of the stranger. He stayed five days, quoting Æsop most of the time, and then, the snow going off and him seeing the up stage coming, he asked Hendershot to make out his bill so he could pay and go on to American Eagle and attend to them mining interests. While Hendershot was busy at the job, he went out and got into the down stage and rode away, and we never seen him again.

That afternoon Jap Bingerford comes into the hotel office and says he: "Hendershot, I've been looking up Æsop a little myself and I've found this one: A Landlord of an Inn once entertained a Stranger who departed without paying his Bill. The Landlord went to consult a famous Oracle who was as wise as he was good, as to wot he should do. The Oracle listened and then said: 'You should get a bushel of Carrots and then retire to some convenient shade. You are too great an Ass to run an Inn!'"

"Wot was the name of this oracle?" "His name was given in the original Greek," says Jap, "was Bingerford. Did you hear that Al Doty has bought another dorg?"



"Mr. Al Doty, Esquire"

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CHANGE

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A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such a pressure of gas and such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless.

"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I have been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been cured by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum in place of coffee.

"I made the change from coffee to Postum and such a change there is in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift from coffee to Postum I got better and now all of my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Men's or Boys' Third Prize	25.00

THE ONLY CONDITIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS submitted must be taken by contestants,
though they may be developed and finished outside. Each
photo must show a Columbia, Cleveland, Tribune, Rambler,
Crescent, Monarch or Imperial Chainless Bicycle. Pictures
must be received on or before October 1, 1903, with name
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desire to use. Other photos to be returned if stamps to cover
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the figures, which need not necessarily be on the bicycle. At-
tractiveness of costume and beauty of scenery and surround-
ings. Our preference is for one or two persons in each photo.

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Patenting an Invention

IN ENGLAND it is an easy matter to se-
cure a patent, but the laws there are not
nearly so well arranged to protect the
owner of the patent after he has been suc-
cessful. Infringements are all too common,
and many inventors have come to this coun-
try to live in order to enjoy our more liberal
patent provisions. Germany, conscious of the
great influence our patent laws have had in
stimulating industrial inventions, has revised
her patent laws so as to bestow more protec-
tion upon the inventors. Next to the Patent
Office of the United States, the corresponding
institution in Germany furnishes the most
ample protection to inventors, and goes fur-
thest in encouraging their work.

One of the most beneficial features of our
Patent Office laws is that by which an ap-
plicant can practically pre-empt a claim in ad-
vance. When an idea of a new invention
occurs to one, it may not always be possible
to complete it immediately, and work it out
in all its minute details. Another may have
heard an account of the proposed invention
and attempt to steal the idea. To prevent
this, the inventor has the right to secure a
caveat or caution, upon the payment of \$10,
and the filing of a description of his proposed
patent. This caveat is filed at the Patent
Office, and is kept confidentially, so that out-
siders can not make use of its information.
This claim is in force for a full year, and
during that time no one else can secure a
patent for the same invention. There is fur-
ther protection afforded the applicant in per-
mitting him to modify and alter his caveat if
he has claimed too much or made errors in
his first papers. Such errors are naturally
costly, and are justly charged for by the Pa-
tent Office. A corrected reissue of a caveat
costs \$30. But even this expense in many
cases proves of the utmost benefit to the
claimant.

Application for a Patent

When the idea is perfected, the inventor
sets forth his application for a patent as mi-
nutely as possible in writing, which must be
filed in the Patent Office. A full description
of the invention must be made, so that any
person with an ordinary knowledge of the
subject could produce a model. Whenever
the invention admits, a model must accom-
pany the application. When the application,
description, and specifications have been com-
pleted, the inventor must attest to its genu-
ineness and originality, and sign the docu-
ment in the presence of two witnesses. The
applicant must moreover swear that he
knows of no prior claim to the invention,
and that, so far as he is personally aware,
no description of such an invention has ever
been published.

Every applicant can make his claim per-
sonally and defend his rights, but there are
patent lawyers who have been admitted to
practice at the bar of the Patent Office. A
list of these lawyers is furnished by the Pa-
tent Office free of cost upon application. Their
business is to see that applicants' specifica-
tions are properly made out, and later to ap-
pear before the examiners and substantiate
the claims and contest them with any who
may put in counter-claims.

The ordinary cost of securing a patent is
\$35, which the Patent Office requires in return
for passing upon the claims and issuing pa-
tent papers. The Patent Office endeavors to
protect applicants in their selection of law-
yers, and deliberate fraud and extortion on
the part of the latter might result in their
permanent disbarment. When the specifica-
tions and descriptions are filed, it costs the
applicant only \$15, and he may have the ques-
tion determined for this fee whether a patent
can or can not be granted him. The final \$20
must be paid when the patent is issued.

Great Care is Exercised

When the application is filed, it must go
through a certain form which takes time.
Usually a month expires before the applica-
tion is taken up. Then an assistant examiner
takes it and carefully considers and compares
it with other patents issued. His findings are
put in writing, and the application is passed
on to a principal examiner, who first exam-
ines his subordinate's report and then makes
personal examinations. If he passes upon it,
the applicant or his lawyer is notified, which
simply means that progress is being made.
If there is a hitch in the proceedings, the ap-
plicant is notified and a time set for him to
argue his claims.

When the examiners finally pass upon the
patent, a fee of \$20 must be paid, and some
time within six months the necessary papers
will be issued. The patent is printed and a
picture of the model lithographed. The pa-
pers are signed and sealed, and sent to the
Secretary of the Interior to sign. Then they
are countersigned by the Commissioner of
Patents and sent to the successful applicant
or his lawyer. The patent secures the in-
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THE VAGABOND

By
Frederick Palmer
Author of "The Ways of the Service," Etc.

IN SIX PARTS—PART FIVE

Illustrated by **HARRISON FISHER**



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

Young Williams comes to Washington from California with his guardian, Captain Herrick, just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Williams makes an excursion to Lanleyton, to see Miss Volilla Lanley, about whom he has dreamed since boyhood. Scarcely has he arrived, when Southbridge, an ardent Southerner in love with Volilla, appears with the news that Sumter is being bombarded. Williams declares for the North, thus exciting the anger of the other two, though Richard Bulwer, the young lady's cousin, remains philosophically cool. It is as the captain of a cavalry troop that the Californian returns to Lanleyton. Here he goes through a succession of perils, in the course of them facing the enraged Volilla's revolver. He succeeds, nevertheless, in sketching a map of the surroundings, and then gallops off under a shower of Confederate bullets, to report to General Huested. In an ensuing advance upon the enemy's position, the Lanley house is attacked, the young Captain leading the charge, and Volilla's grandfather is killed. After taking the house, the young Californian establishes his protection over it and escorts Miss Lanley to the Confederate lines. His guardian is killed at Bull Run. Upon Miss Lanley's return home she writes a letter thanking him for his chivalrous consideration. During a visit to the plantation, Williams has an interview with the young lady which seems to promise pleasant relations. After reaching camp again, the Captain is summoned to appear before General Huested charged with having betrayed military secrets to Miss Lanley. Williams is told to fetch Volilla to camp, so that she may prove his innocence.

CHAPTER XI

FOR A MOMENT, with headquarters behind him, he had pondered over the General's remark about a woman's weapon in time of war. Had he been mistaken about the map? Could it have been on his person and fallen out of his pocket at Lanleyton? No. Or if it had, she never had written the words which conveyed it to General Lee. She was absolutely incapable of such a thing. For his was one of those natures that is never assailed by doubts until sudden conviction removes its trust at a blow. He believed in her, and the one flutter of happiness in this crisis was that he did.

His horror and his determination grew with his comprehension of the charge brought against him, as he hastened along the army street toward his company. He recalled many things. He recalled that his love for her and that deep love of country which makes its triumphs and its defeats your personal joy or grief had been born on the same day. Before that, he had had only the faith of a boy in his venerable comrade, so far as human institutions were concerned. To him, loyalty was an instinct as much as a code. He stood accused of giving information that might endanger his General, Tim, Jimmy, all his men whose hearts had beat with him in the charge, the clank of whose sabres, the rattle of whose jests on the march, had given him security and pride.

Regardless of the hour and its fitness for the journey, all controlled by the passion which reduced him to a man in the saddle on a definite errand, he set out with twenty of his troop, Tim and Jimmy at his elbows. The pace he set was that steady trot of the long march; his route was the shortest, by the road, as if he were not in the range of that restless partisan, Southbridge. When the event was happy, he loved to detail it for the pleasure of his friends. In trouble, he could not talk; he could not help keeping his own counsel.

"In a time like this it's pleasant to know that you two believe in me, anyway," was all he said.

They asked no further questions, such is the delicacy of strong men riveted together by affection. Tim, at least, had seen him before when his jaws were set, a red spot flamed in his cheek, and his eyebrows were drawn together.

He had come to know the country around as the generals of a hundred years ago knew their Belgium. At the edge of the little grove, a patch of green in the valley from the upper windows of Lanleyton, from which the Vagabonds had debouched on their first charge up the hill, he halted his company and bade them wait for him. He was not going again into her presence with a force at his back. Alone, still at the trot, he rode up the hill and under the trees once more. The sound of a piano made him stop and tie his horse to one of the trunks, on the inspiration of the wide-open door which showed through the foliage.

Thus did determination riding swiftly to the point again halt under the brake of love. Walking on the turf instead of the gravel and tiptoeing up the steps and across the threshold, his wish was gratified. When unconscious recognition of the presence of another made her rest her fingers on the keys and turn her head, he was as motionless as a statue, cap in hand, his present suffering forgotten.

"You, again!"

There was both bitterness and resentment in her surprise, making him realize suddenly how abrupt and ill-favored was his stealthy entrance.

"Yes," he said. "I beg your pardon. It was the music that made me come in so quietly."

"And you have another story to tell?" she said, looking suggestively toward the door that his form barred.

"Yes, I have, more's the pity."

Without waiting for her to speak the curt dismissal which he saw flaming out of her eyes, he poured out his tale and his request in even, passionate tones.

"What you ask," she replied, "is that I, a lone girl, shall accompany you to the Union lines on your say-so."

"My say-so!"

He repeated the words as one whose mind sounds in horror the abysses of a phrase's meaning. It was she, now, who doubted his word. He felt, too,

with the suddenness of absurdity thrust in bold relief, the brutality as well as the folly of what he asked. She was affected by his exclamation and the blank look of despair that accompanied it, but the memory of the way he had led her to listen to an impossible story helped her to recover herself with the thought that she had been affected in the same way when she saw Forrest play.

"Yes," she replied. "I know that part of your tale is true. I did meet you when I was a little girl. The rest? I know, too, from your own account—that you are a vagabond in search of adventure."

He started and put up his hand in mute protest. It had been easy for him to keep his composure in face of the General's frigid stare; but the cold doubt in her eyes made him a poor stumbler for words.

"At least so you seem to me. What reason have I for believing otherwise? What reason have I for playing a part in the affairs of the Yankee army?"

"None, I suppose—none," he answered doggedly. "It is to save my—my honor that I come to you who alone can save it."

"I know—I—I—it is hard to resist that call from any one." She paused in thought. "Your General has the reputation of being a gentleman. If he will personally send me the request by another officer, I will send a reply in my own handwriting, and—"

Her sentence stopped there. Southbridge, in the doorway, one hand on his sabre hilt, not thinking it

worth while to frighten Miss Lanley by drawing a revolver, with the other hand tapped the Vagabond lightly on the shoulder.

"You are my prisoner!" he said.

If you have ever been caught in such a position, you know how fast you thought, how much faster you may have acted. The Vagabond's instant, overmastering idea was that his capture meant his conviction in the eyes of the General and his friends. Death was as much preferable to it as sleep is to a nightmare, and escape alone could clear him.

That same trick that had served him once when he stood at a sheriff's side in California must serve him again. Whirling on his heel, with all the force of the movement and the strength of his arm, he landed a blow of his naked fist where it would do the most good. Southbridge careened against the casing and his dead weight fell across the threshold. The Vagabond flicked his revolver in the face of his enemy, stunned physically and mentally by his sudden descent.

"You are mistaken," he said.

"Not at all." Before he could be prevented, the Confederate had seized his whistle and blown a call. "My escort is outside and will turn the tables again."

The Federal saw the point, and saw, too, that there was no time to be lost in acting upon it. Still covering Southbridge, he stepped backward to one of the great windows flush with the floor. There he glanced into the startled face of Volilla and said appealingly: "My honor is at stake. I had to strike. Forgive me!" Then springing to the end of the porch, he jumped off.

It was a question of reaching his party before the escort reached him. As he ran, he whipped out his knife and cut the tie-strap before he bounded into the saddle. Looking back for the first time, as he gave Breaker the word, not a single Confederate, so far as he could see through the peepholes of the foliage, was in sight.

In meeting trick with trick, Southbridge, whistling for imaginary relief, had thrown the last trump. The Vagabond's first impulse on realizing how he had been played was to go back and make good his arrest. His common-sense, however, quickly told him that Southbridge, with his pistol cocked, was wishing for just such a development. In confirmation, there was a puff of smoke from one of the windows. The aim was good, for the target felt the breath of the bullet on his cheek. No more shots were fired as he rode across the open space, while both Jimmy and Tim came out from the edge of the grove to meet him; and this Southbridge, watching through his glasses, took as evidence of a larger escort, and profited by it.

Looking back from the grove, there was no sign of life about the house on the hill, and the Vagabond was more than ever convinced that Southbridge was unaccompanied. This was the second time he had fled before his enemy; the temptation of combat called for him to return. But he was reminded in time that he could save his honor only by living; that he carried the message which would lead to proof of his innocence.

He now became as preoccupied with reaching the General as he had been in reaching Lanleyton. In going as in coming, he took the road in file of two as at a trot that the horses could keep up for the whole distance. To Jimmy's suggestion that they ought to take more precautions, he replied, with a little laugh of abandon, that he was in a hurry and there was no danger. Had he not left Southbridge behind? He was particularly in a mood to believe it nonsensical that in this neutral zone a goblin in the form of "Ginger" Southbridge's cavalry would receive telepathic notification and fly to any point where a Federal soldier might appear. It did not occur to the genius of the charge, as it ought and would under other conditions, that at the gallop any body of horsemen could pass him at a distance and swing across his path.

His surprise came abruptly as his column, passing through a stretch of woods, turned with a bend in the road. Only fifty yards ahead he saw a long line of Confederate cavalry half-way across the road in single file, evidently bent on a surrounding movement. It was true that no one of Southbridge's men had been within sound of his whistle, and unhappily true that his whole force was riding away to the eastward. Intending to rejoin them later, he had gone, as he usually did when his daily practice rides took him into the neighborhood of Lanleyton, to pay his respects to its mistress.

On mutual recognition, the Federals stopped, and every Confederate, as if his part for such an emergency had already been outlined to him, wheeled his horse to face the enemy. The Federals were two deep, in close order; the Confederates widely separated, thus making escape impossible without contact. The negligence that had kept the Vagabond's force close together made a compact wedge against a thin line. Southbridge in the middle of the road, his height and his position making him tower over his men, called to them in a great voice to close in. But the Vagabond gave no time for the execution of the order. His little command charged. "Sabre to sabre!" he cried



He was as motionless as a statue, cap in hand

exultantly, with flashing blade uplifted, not to his own men, not to the Confederates, but to their commander.

While Southbridge was a statue, his hand on his hilt, calculating and stiffening himself in the properly cold blood of one receiving a blow, the blood in the Vagabond's veins was like wine, and his brain was swimming with the one thought of breaking guard and a thrust as he passed. He was so near he could see his opponent's lips parted in a smile, when Southbridge, as the situation demanded, lifting his revolver instead of his sabre, fired pointblank.

With the readiness of the hound when its prey doubles, the Confederates turned and gave chase to the Federals, who encouraged their horses with spur and shout, leaving, in heartbreaking necessity, as the only occupant of the field, their prostrate leader.

CHAPTER XII

IN FALLING, the Vagabond had been stunned. For some minutes he lay motionless. Returning consciousness was quickened by the caressing touch of something as soft as fine old leather, first on his forehead, then on his cheek. His eyelids parted with the effort of windows stuck in their grooves, and he saw the bent neck, the questioning eyes and ears, of a true friend, who, having missed the living weight on his back, would learn why his rider had stopped playing the game so abruptly.

The wounded man's first dim thought was one of great happiness at the sight of a dumb companion's loyalty, and his first act was an attempt to recognize it with a grateful pat. He tried to lift his hand to Breaker's muzzle, tried as hard as he would to lift a weight beyond his power, and failed. Then he sought the source of his strange weakness. "Don't get scared about a thing till you have a good look at it," he whispered. On the earth beneath him was a clot of blood; in his side a reddish-black hole. He regarded it hazily, comprehended that despite it he was still living, and dismissed the subject quite summarily.

His mind became clearer; his strength revived. He looked up and down the road and saw nothing. The walls of the depression where he lay shut out his view except for a dusty ribbon's length. Arduously, making many journeys with stages of rest, he lifted himself to a sitting posture. The soil, spongy, soft, and red, seemed to recede and then to press close to him, to rise and fall with the throbs of his brain. At last his eyes were on a line with the fields. Now he could see, if the little red spots would not keep dancing before him.

"Southbridge put them there," he thought; "but he didn't know that I could blink them away."

So far as he could discern, no living thing was near. A boulder shut out part of his vista.

"Southbridge put it there," he thought; "but he can't beat me that way."

He made a great effort to look over it, and fell back in a collapse. Had they got away safely? Had his friends, whom his folly had led into trouble, escaped? He looked at the horse, as if making inquiry from one who had seen the finish of the affair. Breaker only seemed to tantalize him with a posture which said:

"I don't understand it at all. You and I—we've always been ahead of all those other horses. Come on!"

The fever resulting from his wound crept upon him. His tongue seemed on a grate in an oven. Water, water!—that would put out the red spots.

"You didn't know water would do it, did you, Southbridge?" he whispered.

He recalled that cavalymen carried canteens. Granting that they did, then he must have one. He looked toward the rings on his saddle-tree from which it always hung. It ought to be there—the red spots would get in the way!—it ought to be—yes, it was! If he rose to his knees, he could reach it. He started to rise, and tottered over at full length. His arms, trying to break the fall, had been as ineffectual as two straws. For some time he was prostrate, without seeing or feeling or thinking, and when his senses came back it was the thirst-devil who brought them with a lash.

"It's not fair, Southbridge, to hit a man after he's down; but you haven't got me licked—not a bit of it!"

Without a drink he could not reach the canteen; with a drink he was sure he could mount and ride away. He tried to wet his lips against his tongue, and felt only the rubbing of cracked, dry leather, as he slowly lifted himself back to a sitting posture. This accomplished, he smiled with the satisfaction of one who has solved a problem. If he could not go to the canteen, it might be brought to him. Had he not taught his horse a trick not in the cavalry regulations of that day? He looked up at Breaker with the resolve of an army corps entering upon a charge, and with all the strength of voice that he could command he called the order to lie down, and at the same time seized the hanging bridle-rein. Losing his balance, he was prostrate again, with his hopes on the cast.

He saw the animal put out those signs which ever

indicate his action to the trained rider, and knew that he was to quench his thirst unless the water-bearer fell upon the canteen or upon him.

"If you trip him I'll pay you back, Southbridge—so help me God, I will!"

Himself powerless to move, he watched Breaker's movement as he would the tumbling of the beams of a prison which were to crush him or to give him liberty. An evolution which is done so quickly that the spectators on the benches see only a horse up and then a horse down, was to him a process of many stages, till the knees were bent, the weight thrown forward upon them, and the body was on the ground, close-pressing but not resting on his own, and the canteen lying almost at his lips. He drank and drank, and lo! the red spots were gone. He drank until the canteen was empty and his mind seemed quite clear again, and the whole purport of his position was in range of his comprehension.

"Oh, the gurgle of it!" he said to Breaker. "It sounds like one of our mountain brooks, so cool to taste, so cool to bathe in, so cool to lull you to sleep when the day's journey is done. There's no line of pickets, no riding up and down, no rule of thumb about there. You shall see. You're going back with me when this business is over—and we won't go till it is. We aren't quitters, my boy. You needn't carry a pack. I'll go afoot on the steep places and ride you only on the level places and ride you only on the level places. We'll be as cool as he is next time—oh, yes, we will."

That was the respite from his misery, the immediate expression of his gratitude and relief to the loyal water-carrier, before he turned to the mission that had brought him, wounded, to the dust. Of his friends' safety he was now confident. He realized that they must have had enough start to make certain their escape. Fugitive ideas rallying into sequence with pride as field-master, he cried hoarsely:

"I've run away from Southbridge! I didn't bring her! I've led my men into a trap! I've been rolled in the dust like a boy who falls off a wagon's tail at the crack of the driver's whip! I'd be a baby to go back to the General with a 'Please, sir,' and such a tale! So help me God, I won't, I won't!"

Thanks to the water, he was exultant with a new purpose. Though he must pay in full the debt he owed Southbridge, that, in turn, must wait on his honor. His determination became as high as his pulse. But—his sabre! he suddenly thought. It was not in its scabbard. His sabre—that emblem of an officer's very existence! Yes, he remembered that he had it, had drawn it. It must have dropped from his hand when Southbridge shot him. He looked about, and whispered his joy as he saw it lying three or four yards away—twenty yards it seemed to him. How could it have fallen so far, he wondered, as he crawled toward it. Once he had it in his hands, he hugged it insanely:

"I've work for you, work for you yet," he said confidentially.

He drew around the scabbard that had trailed at his side, and after trembling efforts the point by chance found the sheath and went home. It had not been so far away after all, he told himself. But the assurance that would stifle the truth was useless. Those three or four yards had been a terrible march for him. The red spots were coming again. Pooh! All they needed was drowning. If he had another canteen full of water he would feel fit for a twenty-mile ride; it would be easier, too, to mount. As if in answer to his wish, a pool by the roadside, which he had not seen before, materialized.

With outstretched hands, that did not steady his body as it sank, he put his lips to it and drank the mire until his tongue tasted mud. The red spots were gone. With the lurch of intoxication, exerting a feverish impulse, he reached his feet and laughed hollowly to think how strong he was, though he had to steady himself out of dizziness by leaning against the horse; how his plan was already as good as executed. Of course, he could mount in the usual way if he chose; but he had better save his strength, when he might, for a crisis. Had not Father Bob always advised that? With short, staggering steps, that he believed to be sturdy, long ones, he led Breaker to the embankment, clambered upon it, and with a bound found himself in the saddle. The cost was the reopening of his wound, which he did not realize. Had he not had a good look at that and decided that it was not worth being scared about?

Through the gathering dusk, riding slowly on the reserve force of anticipation and will, calling out aloud that he was trying to make pain out of a pin-prick, in dizzy adherence to a single object, he kept on till he was before the open door which

spelled the descent of his fortunes and his hope of happiness. All his ebbing strength was banked on an effort which carried him to a light in the drawing-room, where she had just risen from a chair by the reading-table. His wound now bled so profusely that his hand, involuntarily placed over it, was red between the fingers. His set jaw, ashen face, and feverishly glistening eyes, with his wet and muddled uniform, made a picture of war's reality without the drums, the flags, the cheers, and the shouting. She sprang to her feet with a cry, while he was tottering like a strong column undermined.

"I came to take you to the General to save—"

He clutched at the door-frame, swooning, and she eased his fall with her own arms.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BLOOD from his wound streaked her skirt; the weight of his body brought her to her knees as it struck the floor. In order to save his life, she understood that certain things must be done quickly. While with her scissors, snatched from the work-basket, she cut away the cloth from the wound, a servant hastened for cotton, which she stuffed into the vomiting red hole.

With the first glimmer of consciousness, he felt something heavenly cool crossing and recrossing his forehead and making little side excursions down his cheeks. He partly opened his eyes and then closed them again, lest he should frighten her away, and floated on the elysium of her soft touch, thinking of neither the past nor the future. When she saw that he was breathing regularly again, she drew away as if that had made her service indelicate.

"Thank you!" he murmured, while through his half-closed lids he saw in her face still another expression, new to him, an expression so gentle, so solicitous, so soothing that it made him forget all else save the joy of contemplating it.

"Is there anything else—a drink?" she asked.

"If you please. That you put on my face seemed so cool—so cool."

When she brought a glass, he tried to rise; impulsively she put her hand on his arm.

"You must not move. It is bad for you," she said.

So helpless was he that it seemed easy for her to hold him down with the pressure of one slim finger. She held the glass and steadied his head while he drank the sweetest draught he had ever tasted.

"So cool, so cool; thank you," he said.

When the flow of his wound was stanching, the servants improvised a litter and carried him up the broad stairs with a gentleness which his old-time training vouchsafed to the African. To the sick man it seemed as if he had been borne a thousand feet toward the skies. His face twitched with pain as he was transferred to the bed; but when he felt its soft mattress and she placed a pillow under his head, he smiled in blissful gratitude.

"How did you let me down so easily when you took me up so far?" he asked.

"On a cloud, sah. Jes' as easy, jes' as easy," said Marcus Aurelius.

"On a cloud," he repeated vacantly.

His helplessness made him only a brave man and a fallen enemy whose life depended on her care. She would not trust any one else to give him the medicines which her experience in doctoring on the plantation warranted her in prescribing. After the servants were abed and the house was silent, she sat by his side. The candle threw flickering shadows about the room and over his white face, and now and then he broke into irrational speech. It was a strange position for her to be in. Yet the events had so forced the necessity that she



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did not think of it in that light. Her whole interest was in the patient, whose fever increased as the night wore on.

"And this is soldiering," he said deliriously, "this going back and forth, back and forth—this tricking policemen! It's not my habit. If you put me in a pen I'd do my morning walk in a circle, so as not to have to retrace my steps. A man gets to feel as gritty as the sand in an hour-glass. The army keeps turning him over so he can flow back again through the same little hole. Take a handicap, Southbridge, if you want to, only come on—come on!"

When she gave him water, he would recur to the cool mountain streams and the campfire's glow. When the torture of pain and thirst mounted to his brain, he was unhorsed, fighting for his life without a weapon. For his strongest delusion was that Southbridge had his sabre. Finally, she brought it to him from the chair where it had been laid in the room below. He put his fingers weakly on its handle, thinking he had it in a grip of iron, and began to banter Tim and Jimmy in the full tilt of action. Once more he was the leader of a hundred Vagabonds spoiling for adventure. Lying as if he were dead, except for an occasional turning of his head, he had travelled thousands of miles; he had crawled in the dust in quest of a drink; he had led a charge exultantly—while she saw that he was growing worse.

A strong man expending his last gasp against great odds is far more attractive than a strong man in victory. Aside from the bitterness of a family war, aside from the story he had told her, his determination to take her to the Union lines when his lifeblood was pouring from his side, his youth, his falling with his face toward the goal, and the fact that he was too weak to realize his position, made his fight against death wholly her own. She had done everything she could for him; she must wait in silence for the results, and keep the compresses on his head fresh. Nearness had given him a charm she could not deny. He was a type of man who would be a hero to his valet. If she could have expressed her feelings, she would have considered him as a splendid, erring brother, whose chivalry had earned him forgiveness.

Well into the morning, she uttered a cry of thanks, for she saw that her medicines were beginning to take effect. His talk, though still irrational, became less erratic, and dwelt more on the things that had made him happy and on those secrets which sanity never imparts. She heard him laying his soul bare, and felt as if she were an eavesdropper; and yet she remained listening. The simplicity and boyishness of a vagabond's nature were revealed, and she knew by the supplest of tests that the "story" was not the pastime of a soldier's imagination. Her breath caught at every mention of her name—a she spoken with affection, almost with awe, as if it stood for an unattainable grace.

"A house on a hillside overlooking grassy slopes, and a great mountain in the background, and good horses and finding gold and bringing home the lion's skin for her—for her—and journeys into many strange lands and pleasant places with her—with her!" he exclaimed, finally, and fell into the sleep of exhaustion when the crisis had passed.

In the whirl of her emotion, she half wished that she had not heard him, and she was half glad that she had. She had the pride of her sex; she felt the triumph of being loved in this way—and he was better. His lips moved again, and she bent her head to listen.

"Of giving information against my Vagabonds, my General, my country! There is nothing false in her—nothing! She could not, did not, write it! I will go for her."

She stiffened, as one does with a sudden resolution, and pressed her lips firmly together. For some time she watched him, but he said nothing more. When she went to her room an hour before dawn, it was to put on her riding-habit.

"You are deeper than you think, as a crisis might show," Richard Bulwer had told her.

CHAPTER XIV

BY FIELDS and lanes and over fences she had ridden as if the success of her mission depended on speed. Her horse's neck and shoulders were spattered with foam; her face was flushed with exercise and the press of autumn air and keen with her object as she appeared before General Huested's tent just as he was about to sit down to his morning coffee. Though a glance had told him half the truth, the lively and charming picture made by the young woman suddenly burst into camp would of itself have caused the spontaneous alacrity with which he sprang to her side to assist her to alight, leaving the officer who had received her from the amazed corporal of the guard feeling rather awkward.

"I am Miss Lanley. Our house is some distance outside your lines," she said. "Your Captain Williams came there badly wounded late yesterday afternoon. I nursed him through the night. I did not send for a Confederate surgeon, for I feared that he would make him a prisoner, and I thought it unfair under the circumstances that he should be made one. If you will send a surgeon back with me, I think I can assure you that he will run little risk of capture."

The General bowed from the hips—for the first time in many weeks.

"Captain Jameson, go to Colonel Whipple, of the Second Maine, and present my compliments and tell him to send a surgeon mounted."

The Second Maine was clear at the end of the line, and Captain Jameson, who had not spoken to a pretty woman for a month, showed, under the mask of his humble salute, that he fully realized the fact.

"Good-morning, sir, and thank you," said Volilla to the Captain, and, slightly oblivious of the General, she patted Folly's neck and called him a hero. The very deliberation

with which she did this was indicative enough, in a girl of spirit and self-possession, of how great was the strain of her position and how distasteful her journey alone to the enemy's camp.

"Take this horse and rub him down thoroughly," the General said to his orderly.

"And walk him a little. He's had a hard run, and it's chilly this morning," she added.

"I'd carry him, miss, if you said so," the orderly blurted, though orderlies are to be seen at all times and never heard. He had not spoken to a pretty woman for two months.

If it was her intention to give the impression of a visitor of state, who had come to do a favor and would go when she pleased, she succeeded admirably.

Inclining from the hips and smiling, the General held back the tent-flap for her to enter, while the stern warrior had something of the feeling of an inveterate gossip who is about to have a long-puzzling mystery explained.

"Thank you," she said, her riding-crop on the table and remained standing, though he bowed her to a seat. "I have come, too, to disprove a malicious and false accusation against Captain Williams, based on my signature, I believe. Are these your writing materials?" She turned to the field-desk. "May I use them?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the General.

He was as flustered as a young volunteer in the presence of an old regular.

"What shall I write?" she asked.

He understood her quick appreciation of method, and he was inwardly paying the Vagabond's taste a compliment as he unlocked a drawer in the desk and took out the map.

"Now, if you please," he said, and read the superscription in her own name. She copied it in a manner as offhand as if she were taking notes on a lecture, and handed the result to him.

"Not the same at all," he said, immediately he made the comparison.

"Of course," she replied.

"I knew that he was innocent! I knew he was!" the General exclaimed in boyish delight.

She rose, and her manner asked if that was all. But he would listen to no refusal; she shared his breakfast.

"There is one more question," he said, as he handed her an egg on a tin plate. "The forger must have known both you and the Captain. Do you suspect who he is?"

"I am quite certain. He has forged my name once before—Aikens, an overseer discharged for fraud and worse. I believe he is an abolitionist, now," she added, a little maliciously.

"Likely," said the General fiercely, "and a quartermaster—the worst combination and the worst enemy the Union army has."

Thereafter, until the surgeon came, they talked of the Southern officers with whom the General had served in the regulars or had been schooled at the Point. When he had helped her to mount, he said:

"Tell the Captain that his General sends his love, that no one of his companions was injured, and that they await his return no less anxiously than I."

"He will be as safe in my house as I can make him until he recovers," she replied.

"The Captain is a splendid fellow. May I congratulate you?" he went on, a little mischievously.

"Too late, he saw the error of this remark; too late, he saw that he had been the first one to inject into her visit the disagreeable, which he of all men would have guarded against at every turn."

"Congratulate me!" she exclaimed, contracting her brows. "Congratulate me on having to come unaccompanied to the Union lines!"

"No; on saving the Captain's life."

"Oh!" She understood now. Her glance of indignation and anger made him feel smaller than he had since his first day in the awkward squad at the Academy. She was imperious; she was magnificent. "I wish you to know, sir," she said, "that the sole object that brought me here was to remedy an injustice done by a loathsome Yankee to a brave Yankee who could not speak for himself. When Captain Williams came wounded to my house, I made it a refuge, in the name of common humanity. I regard him as I regard you and every soldier here—an unlawful invader, to be fought to the bitter end!"

Having seen the pair depart, the surgeon feeling decidedly up in the world, the General entered his tent and did something quite unusual. He brought out that bottle and a glass and drank alone.

□ □

Good Manners

ONCE upon a time, Dr. Edward Bedloe of Philadelphia, diplomatist, writer, raconteur, and several other attractions, was at a railroad restaurant table, across which sat a very elaborate gentleman who showed plainly that he was not pleased with the democracy of his surroundings. But even his kind are compelled to eat sometimes, and it was up to him to eat in that common place or go hollow for six hours at least. Dr. Bedloe was doing much better, and was almost enjoying the viands, notwithstanding he had fed on Clover Club spreads and had had intimate relations with a Boldt bill-of-fare.

During the feast, the Doctor wanted one of the condiments which had wandered over to the other side of the table, and he asked the elaborate party to hand it to him.

"I am no waiter, sir," replied the E. P. with freezing hauteur.

"Oh, I know that," responded Bedloe breezily, reaching for what he had asked for. "A waiter has to have much better manners than you have."



The Dead Letter Office of a Woman's Heart

This is the last of the series of six contests inaugurated under this name in the January Household Number. The competition, each month, has been close and interesting, and we hope in the near future to open another contest that shall arouse equal interest among our readers. The prize-winning letters in the June contest follow below. As soon as the writers of the prize-winning letters notify us of their identity, by sending their mottoes accompanied by their names and addresses, checks will be forwarded to them.

VI.—Letters from a Girl to a Man Comrade

First Prize

DELOVED FRIEND—Are you thinking, just because I have not written you for a month, that I am not missing you? It is only because I have something to say and I have no words to say it with. You will be glad of any happiness that comes to me, I know, but still I hesitate to tell you of my love. However (I am taking a deep breath to make me feel courageous), I am going to be engaged just as soon as your permission has been asked. I don't think we shall wait for the answer, if you don't mind.

You are such a crotchety, scolder-cat of a companion! And you have such funny ideas about marriage! You think a man ought to marry young, or not at all, because when he is older "he is too set to come to a mutual understanding with a woman, and would only make her wretched." Why, when you were explaining how thoughtless men of forty are, you interrupted yourself to ask if I were warm enough! You tell me men are selfish, and then I find out that you gave up a summer abroad when father died, because some one had to look after my financial affairs!

I know you wished me to marry that Jerome boy—I'm not engaged to him—but I can't. I don't like youngsters any more—not since I have known my guardian and my comrade. You see, I like companionship now. There is just about enough to Jerome to be pals with a woodchuck. I told him to propose again when he was about forty.

I have given my life to—oh, dear! my courage oozes when I think of all you will say! but don't you see, dear comrade, you don't know anything about men from a girl's point of view, just because you are forty? Well, you remember the man you told to play pals with me, while you were gone—the man who said too loudly (for I heard him), "What! with that kid?" That's the man—your older brother! He is just the same kind of brute you are, only more so. Don't be too sorry for me; just be sorry for yourself because your theories are so much poorer than your brother's. We both love you, and I have a kiss for your left cheekbone!

Second Prize

DEAR DICK—I could spell your name with a "u" for that cable! It was such fun working out the whole story from the code. To think that one word could mean so much! I'm delighted you had so fine a crossing and could do ample justice to the *Saxonia's* bill of fare.

And to-day, you're in Paris! The backwoods of Canada versus the capital of the world. I don't know which I love the most; each is perfection in its own line. Mon Dieu, qu'il était beaux, ces jours de Paris! But if you are in Paradise, monsieur, I am in Eden. Everything is wonderful here, as if it were freshly made for the first garden.

Last night, Hilda and I slept out on the Point—bless you, no, not on the ground, but comfortably, discreetly on canvas cots. The full moon made our leafy bedroom as light as day. The lake was a mirror. Never have I seen it more still; not a leaf, not a ripple stirred. "On such a night—" But we are a campful of women, just now, so that even the moon can not cast spells of sentiment.

Yet we rejoice in our dearth of Adams. We are so free! I don't think you men can feel that same delicious freedom when women aren't round, because you are less "careful and troubled" about us than we about you. Such an opinion is treason to my sex, I know, because we are supposed to feign indifference to man. Therefore, guard my counsel, I beg you, sir. I would intrust it to no other man than yourself, but you are more than a mere man, Dick—you are a comrade, and that is why I can be quite frank—with you.

I am fearing now that our Eden is to be invaded. Mrs. Westover, who rowed down to camp last night, brought news of the arrival in the village of a certain Tlestone Dorr. When he heard that I was in these parts, he announced his intention of calling on me. Do you remember, I met him at Anna Campbell's several years ago? Middle-aged, confirmed bachelor, big, good-looking, interesting. Oh, dear! I shall have to curl my hair and put on a collar, for you can't look like a guy when men are about. Why doesn't he stay away?

What an egotistical little beast I am to maudlin on so about my stupid (comparatively, I mean) concerns when you have Paris before your eyes. How I would like to "tote" you round and show you my beloved corners. Let's meet this afternoon at the De Medici fountain. Then, after having something cool at a "Boule Miché" tavern, we'll take a fiacre—the yellow-hatted cocher kind—and go, go. Then we'll sail down the Seine for two cents each and have dinner outside of one of those cunning little cafés, whose evergreen

hedge shuts out the whole world. Then back by starlight to where the towers of Notre Dame gloom against the sky. Don't you want to? A quatre heures, au plus tard! I'm so eager to hear all about it, so do write soon to your trusty C.

P. S.—Next morning, T. D. took me for a paddle last night. He is getting over nervous prostration, and will be here all summer. More immune, more interesting than ever. He shares my enthusiasm about Paris.

Third Prize

MY DEAR PAL—Only just a few minutes ago received your very newsy letter, which, with your permission, was read by the entire bunch, and it almost brought them all out of the dumps. There must have been some excess baggage in blue bunting on sale here in one of these two-by-four stores, for every one had a tale of woe to relate. This is my birthday. Oh, yes, I still confess to having them annually, and as every one around here was sore at himself, and the world in general, and you were so far away that I couldn't punish you by inflicting myself upon you, it was up to me to entertain myself.

I went fishing and was so quiet that I scarcely breathed for fully a quarter of an hour, but the fish evidently had gone out for a swim, so I went back to the cottage, and saw father manoeuvring around a tree. "It's a squirrel," he said. I was busy right away, and aimed the rifle. Bang, went the rifle—and I can't tell you how it happened, but I actually missed. Think of it. Of course, it wasn't my fault, but the rest of the family can't see it that way, consequently I am the laughing-stock of the aggregation. But what's the odds? Summer comes but once a year and the cottage is delightful. So lay aside your books and quit arguing—lawyers are entirely too talkative—and come up and spend a week with us.



The Man Who Goes to Sleep

SAN FRANCISCANS will recognize this hero. He is the man who goes to sleep.

Sound asleep, busy or merrymaking, any time, everywhere, principally when excited. He goes to sleep in a poker game or in an ice-cold bath. He hired an athletic valet to handle him as would a baggage-man; still he went to sleep. He slumbers one second or one day, according to the variation of the thing that's the matter with him. On the way to his wedding he fell asleep, stumbled into the bride's house snoring, snored all night—and the bride is still "elect." It is paralysis of something; even the doctors don't know what, though he offers his real estate to any M. D. who will keep him awake. Moreover, he has just made the round of the European specialists. Incidentally, he is, or was, a specialist himself—in breaking wills. Never died a Californian whose last testament would stand law if this professional will-breaker championed the contestant. Once he was given a fifty-thousand-dollar retainer by a will defendant to go far away and loaf. But from active practice at the bar he had to retire. For he was perpetually in contempt of court. He simply would go to sleep while arguing with the bench or when addressing a jury.

While ransacking scientific Europe for a cure for the opposite of insomnia, he stopped at Brussels to present a letter of introduction from our own White House physician to the Belgian court surgeon. The sequel was that the American was brought to the attention of the King, who commanded him to "lunch with us." Leopold even sent his brougham to bring the stranger, and at the palace he was ushered into the King's private apartment. Presently his Majesty entered, and with hand outstretched, advanced to welcome his guest; but at that electric moment the guest yawned and crashed upon the Dresden ware of a tea-table, fast asleep. His Majesty considerably tipped out of the room. The San Franciscan returned to his hotel in a public fiacre, hungry, and curious concerning the Belgian law on lese majeste.

Now he is back in San Francisco. The latest is that his malady saved his life. While alone in his office, one evening, his door was kicked open and a man entered, brandishing a revolver. Taking deliberate aim, he fired, shattering a bust of Louis Pasteur. "You're next," he said, hoarsely, addressing the man at the desk, who recognized the intruder as the losing defendant in one of the will-breaking cases. "Curse you!" said the madman, levelling his revolver at the will-breaker's head. Had my hero done anything at that tragic second except what he did, the trigger would have been pulled. He simply slid more comfortably into his chair and passed into infantile slumber. Whereupon even that lunatic went away in disgust.

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Washington Becker, President Marine National Bank, Milwaukee.

F. G. Bigelow, President First National Bank, Milwaukee.

Jos. B. Cavanaugh, Secretary Western Coal & Dock Co., Chicago.

John S. George, Capitalist, Milwaukee.

W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent (Retired) Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago.

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